

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH FOUR-PAGE  
SUPPLEMENT, SIXPENCE.



1. De Wet and the Adjutant of the 4th Derbyshire Regiment, captured at Roodeval on June 7. The Boers took our Correspondent's money, but restored his camera, whence these pictures. 2. Ex-President Steyn's Children.

THE GUERILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From Photographs taken by a Lieutenant of the 4th Derbyshire Regiment while a prisoner with De Wet.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some enthusiasts are greatly cheered by the prospect of bulletins from the planet Mars. One of them has no doubt that, in the course of the present year, we shall be chatting freely with the Martians. Perhaps the instrument of converse will be let to the public, and "five minutes' talk with Mars" will be added to the entertainments of the gramophone and the kinetoscope. Some trifling difficulty as to language may suggest itself; but that is disposed of by the enthusiast who says that "mind is universal." Has not one astronomer, perched on a mountain, already noticed a strange "clicking" of his electrical apparatus? Apparently there was a message expressed in numerals—one, two, three. This may be the first paragraph of the Martian system of philosophy, or only the electrical vibration of some Martian schoolgirl's rather heavy-handed practice of her scales. Then there are the "luminosities" lately observed on Mars by our astronomical watchers. Are they signals? Have the savants on the other planet devised a big geometrical blaze to intimate their interest in our welfare? It is a fascinating idea; but M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, approaching the subject in a lamentably flippant spirit, suggests that the signals are sunsets. There has been nothing so unphilosophical as this explanation since the tender-hearted lady in Dickens was persuaded that her suffering husband's "owls was organs."

Still more culpably, M. Flammarion ridicules the surmise that Mars is eager to communicate with the Earth. The Martians, he says, must have begun life millions of years before the human race. With such a start, they are immeasurably our superiors in knowledge and intelligence. A hundred thousand, fifty thousand, ten thousand, even two thousand years ago, they may have had the curiosity to signal "How goes it?" to our humble and backward globe; but, getting no response, they must have dismissed us as too stupid for further experiment. Here, it seems to me, M. Flammarion does injustice not only to his fellow-creatures, but also to the superior beings in that other glittering world. If the Martians are so far ahead of us, they must have mastered secrets of astronomy and chemistry that are still secrets to our race. Probably they have long surveyed us through telescopes vastly more potent than our own. "Echoes from the Earth" may be a standing headline in their evening papers. Hence the flash-lights recently visible (which, had they been sunsets, would not have escaped notice so long) may be designed to show that the Martians are good enough to take a sympathetic interest in our progress, and will tell us a useful thing or two if we approach them with proper deference.

This would be a matter of extreme delicacy, for we should have to dissemble our belief that the Earth and its concerns are of the highest importance to the universe. The Powers would have to appoint a committee of experts to explain our political systems to the Martians; and as the Concert of Europe cannot manage its own affairs, how could it agree on any representation of them to such distant observers? Mr. Stead (with the assistance of Julia) would want to hold his country up to the odium of Mars. Mr. Kruger, in his zeal for arbitration, might appeal to a Martian tribunal against European indifference. Indeed, the new inter-planetary diplomacy would be gravely imperilled by the discordant clamour of earthly egotism, and the astronomers, on their mountain perches, might find their instruments "clicking" this dismissal: "Sick to death of you all; shut up!" To avert this irreparable breach, would it not be judicious to beg the Martians to favour us (in their spare time) with a complete account of their origin and development? This would occupy them and us for at least a generation; leader-writers would take fully twenty years to treat all the aspects of Martian society; we should have chairs of Martian philosophy at our Universities; and by the time we had mastered the teaching of our obliging neighbours, our second-rate world would be ready to unfold its story in a humble spirit. As it is, thoughtful Britons must note with awe that Mars is without rain, tempest, or fog, and that the mechanical genius of its people (according to the best astronomical research) has constructed canals to irrigate the whole planet with the melting snow from the poles. The year is twice as long as ours, so that, when a hundred and twenty (by our computation), the Martian may wear his manhood halo and green. His tissues, moreover, average but a third of our weight, and a light heart in Mars should make our quicksilver seem slow, and the terrestrial kitten a creature of despondency.

Some of my readers in various parts of the earth honour me with New Year's greetings, not all of the same tenor. One sympathetic student, pained by my complaint that, even at the opening of a new century, the same yellow visage presents itself of a morning to be clumsily shaven, offers this solace: "Instead of sadly contemplating, instead of sorely rasping, instead of barbarously exposing that yellow surface to the rude attacks of winter, watch with satisfaction Nature bountifully providing her own

mantle of concealment, her own protection against her own cruelties. I remember that thirty-five years ago, in the early days of the 'beard movement' among the clergy, an intrepid rector, who had the audacity to grow an immense beard and moustache, said to old Samuel, Bishop Wilberforce, 'I hope you do not disapprove of my beard, my lord.' 'Not at all; a great improvement,' said the Bishop; 'hides so much of the face.' Am I cheered by this anecdote? Or does it prompt me, these lamp-lit London mornings, to examine that yellow visage more anxiously than ever? In good sooth there was a time when, as Calverley says, it "was partially obscured by whisker." One winter's day, in the old Tremont House, at Boston, Massachusetts (I name the spot that it may be suitably marked, as Byron suggests, by some colossal bust), off came the whiskers in obedience to a heedless poetic impulse. The younger generation in those days was not, as in Ibsen, knocking at the door; it seemed to me to be masterfully and mystically welding the razor, and I was carried away by the spirit of the age.

What surprises me in the present beard movement is the levity with which it shaves, and then grows again. Why has no one pointed to this as symptomatic of our degeneracy? What moral stamina can a man have who greets you with a beard one day, a smooth chin the next, and another beard six weeks later? An Irish friend of mine, who is little better than a pagan, now sports a beard and moustache, a clerically shaped hat, and a soberly cut costume, so that the very elect might take him for a missionary, and in the dusk he would pass for Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. When I taxed him with this irreverent mimicry, he quoted a rascalion out of Shakspere, and said, "That's the humour of it!" This is one reason why I hesitate to grow a beard. Another reason is that the few beards that please me are neatly barbed to a point in the French style, so as to offer a dainty toy to fingertips. You must have a face to match, and I am not sure whether that face is indispensable to start with, or whether it will harmonise with the beard by-and-by. In such uncertainty, who will hazard experiment? But the superlative beard, the beard that ravishes my dreams, belongs to a man who might be Sir Francis Drake, or a proud hidalgo scorning to yield doubloons to that sea-rover. You must be born like that, and so I look sourly in the glass again, and resolve that a beard is not for me.

Pleasant messages come to me from America; but one letter, in a feminine hand, wishes me "an unhappy New Year," and the downfall of England. The writer says she is an American woman of English descent; but the ancestral bias frowns on this piratical island. I daresay that when she was a toddling girl she lisped anathemas against Britain at her grandsire's knee. Was not young Hannibal sworn on the altar to hatred of Rome? I can see my correspondent shaking a small fist in the direction of these shores amid a shower of rockets on the Fourth of July. So her letter breathes horrid omens for Britannia, and it is particularly severe on what it calls my "wretched brain." I might hide part of my face with a beard, but how can the "wretched brain" evade the scrutiny of this American inquisitor? She says that she and her friends are "provoked" by my opinions about the South African War. Why not shun this unworthy page, and read something else? But she has made one deadly thrust, deeper and deadlier than she knew. The letter is written from Brooklyn, home of my early childhood, scene of the first dissipation with a quarter-dollar. "Brooklyn!" I murmured, and pulled my toga over my head. "Et tu, Brooklyn!" Still, at the risk of provoking readers for whom my "wretched brain" has this painful fascination, let me ask what they make of this confession of the Kroonstad Peace Committee: "We fought to get South Africa under one flag." These candid burghers have no respect for Boeritis!

Alas! the best intentions are beset with pitfalls. On Dec. 22 there appeared in this Journal the portraits of a group of officers of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers. The occasion was the misadventure of the 2nd Battalion, which fought so gallantly against superior numbers in the Magaliesberg action. Some inadvertent ambiguity in the description of the portraits led a number of our readers to the conclusion that we supposed these officers to belong to the 2nd Battalion. Some animated letters on the subject have been addressed to the Editor, and one correspondent even ascribes a palpable misunderstanding to the curse of "an unscrupulous, corrupt, and rotten Press." "The warrior bowed his crested head," says Mrs. Hemans, "and tamed his heart of fire." They don't tame all their hearts at the Naval and Military Club. Why should anyone imagine that we desired to throw discredit on the Northumberland Fusiliers by publishing the portraits of officers of that regiment who were not at Magaliesberg? Some of them lost their lives early in the war, and to revive their portraits is, according to *Truth*, "a cruel thing" to their relatives, and unfair to the readers of this paper. It would be unfair to those readers to assume that they have no wish to see again, and yet again, the pictures of men who have fought and died for their country. To the relatives and friends of these officers I would say that we have nothing but sincere regret for this mischance.

## THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

In the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, London has lost a Bishop who had the dual powers of a student and a man of affairs. Fulham Palace was the scene of a life at once active and contemplative. The serious illness of the Bishop had been a matter of public concern for some days; and, though sanguine reports flattered the hope of his recovery, by the end of last week a change for the worse prepared his friends for the announcement made on Monday afternoon. The bell of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled to announce the mournful event to the citizens; and many other churches followed suit. Peterborough Cathedral paid a similar tribute, and the flag at Fulham Palace was flown at half-mast. Fulham Parish Churchyard has been the customary burial-place of the Bishops of London; but the Metropolitan Cathedral was, in this case, chosen for the interment that took place on Thursday. Dean Gregory, Canon Scott Holland, and Archdeacon Sinclair were the chief officiating clergy.

Born at Carlisle July 5, 1843, the future Bishop was the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Creighton and Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Mandell, of Bolton, Cumberland. To the neighbouring county he went for his education; and from Durham Grammar School proceeded to Merton College, Oxford, where he secured his firsts in Classical Mods and Greats and a second in Law and History, and where he was elected to a Fellowship. For eight years, from 1867, he remained there as Tutor, twice acting as Public Examiner. Fourteen years later his old College elected him to an Honorary Fellowship, as did Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1891. Both Universities, too, gave him in due course their D.D. degrees; Glasgow gave him its LL.D., Durham its D.C.L., Harvard its LL.D., and Dublin its Litt.D. Meanwhile, he had been ordained deacon in 1870 and priest in 1873; and at Embleton in Northumberland began the career which proved that a very good historian can be a very good practical manager of his parish. During this period he published his "Primer of Roman History," "The Age of Elizabeth," "Life of Simon de Montfort," and "The Tudors at the Reformation," and began his monumental "History of the Papacy during the Reformation." He became Rural Dean of Alnwick in 1879, and Honorary Canon of Newcastle and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop in 1882. From 1875 to 1877, and again in 1883, he was Select Preacher at Oxford.

By this time the fame of Dr. Creighton was well noised abroad beyond the boundaries of the new northern diocese. In 1884 he was elected to the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge (a post he held for seven years), and in 1885 he became Honorary Canon of Worcester. The next year brought him close literary occupations as founder of the *English Historical Review*. While this interest was still strong, he was nominated to a canonry of Windsor, but had not taken up its duties when the bishopric of Peterborough, vacant by Dr. Magee's elevation to York, was placed before him for acceptance. He did not hesitate to take the mitre—and the cope; and his rule was so successful that when the see of Canterbury became vacant, Bishop Creighton was regarded as its nominee by those who counted on Dr. Temple's unwillingness to succeed Archbishop Benson. Instead, Bishop Creighton came to Fulham Palace, a half-way house, as was generally thought, to Lambeth. His long figure, his long face, his long beard, became familiar to Londoners, by whom he was regarded with great goodwill. To the slightly quizzical glances turned on them through gold-rimmed spectacles by the Bishop as he drove through the streets, they responded with glances more friendly than those often turned on the equipage of a prelate by the man in the street. By his side generally sat his wife—he married in 1872 Louise, daughter of Robert von Glehn—a lady before whom even the prejudices of a De Quincey must have died a natural death. If Bishops' wives do not share the rank and precedence of their husbands, they can at least share their work among the poor and their home studies. What Mrs. Creighton could do, that she did, and her published works include biographies of the Black Prince, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Duke of Marlborough, a "Social History of England," and a "First History of France."

The Bishop's quizzical expression of eye did not do him wrong. Sometimes he went among men who perhaps failed to comprehend the rather airy line with which he amused himself by dividing fact from fancy; one school at one time thought him too sacerdotal; another school at another time complained that "he had alluded to Baptism as a successful scheme of birth-registration." He could bring a conference on Ritual together as well as any man, and certainly deserved, as a peacemaker, the success which, in the very nature of things, he could not command. The late Mr. Justice Bowen used sometimes to wish that certain episcopal members of the Athenaeum Club were more entirely wedded to their dioceses; but one is certain that the late Bishop of London never walked into the Athenaeum or the Savile without a welcome. His own definition of a club was only humorously ungallant and self-accusatory, when he called it a place where women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.

## EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The most noteworthy event of the past week in South Africa has been that chronicled in Lord Kitchener's despatch which tells how two peace envoys who had approached the Boers with a view to negotiate surrender had been flogged by De Wet, while a third had been not only flogged, but shot. Another stirring incident is the bodyguard's plucky fight to the death at Lindley. A determined attack, which seemed to be part of an extensive combination, has been made on the Delagoa Bay Railway. The enemy was repulsed with loss, but our own casualties were numerous. From an officer at present in South African service we have received an illustration portraying the gallant defence of a cattle-kraal near Ventersburg at the end of last year. The defence was conducted by the Royal Irish Rifles, a regiment which has been distinguished through the campaign for great gallantry and great misfortune. The officer in question thus describes the affair: A patrol of eighty men under Lieutenant-Colonel Sitwell, of the 9th Mounted Infantry, recently came upon a force of two thousand Boers about twenty miles from Ventersburg Road. Fourteen men of the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles Mounted Infantry, under Lieutenant Spedding, took up a position in a little kraal overlooking a drift, to cover the retreat of the remainder and the ammunition-wagons. This small party kept four hundred Boers, with two guns, a pom-pom, and Maxim, in check for over an hour and a half, until more than half its number were either killed or wounded, Lieutenant Spedding being among the latter. Thirteen horses were killed. The enemy collected behind a high wall, and eventually succeeded in rushing the kraal, losing seventeen of their number in doing so. The ammunition-wagons and the remainder of the force reached Ventersburg in safety. During the fight the horses were fed in order to make them keep quiet. The men made loopholes in the walls with their bayonets, which surprised the Boers, who were aiming at the top of the walls until at close quarters. The writer of this account had a bullet through his sleeve, one through his helmet, while another slightly wounded him in the face.

From the same hand we have received an interesting sketch of the method adopted by the mounted infantry for training horses to stand steady while their riders are firing. A great deal of practice of this kind has gone on at Ventersburg Road Station, where our correspondent has been for some time. From another officer come pictures reminiscent of the capture of the 4th Derbyshire Regiment by De Wet at Roodeval. The Boers took our correspondent's money and clothes, but restored him his kodak. During his captivity he was allowed to photograph De Wet and Prinsloo. While a prisoner at Fouriesburg he was permitted to photograph ex-President Steyn's children, and these pictures we are enabled to reproduce. Our double-page illustration, which was from materials supplied by another officer, portrays the Australian Bushmen, those scouts to the manner born, whose services in the war have proved invaluable.

## THE GENERALS OF THE NEW CENTURY.

We have to record a gratifying success of *The Illustrated London News* Portfolio of the victorious Generals who have striven with such conspicuous gallantry and skill to bring this war to a satisfactory and speedy conclusion. The Portfolio contains eight portraits of the Generals who have borne the most prominent parts in the recent South African War, and of these the portrait of Lord Roberts is of particular interest, as it shows the Commander-in-Chief in profile. The eight portraits are beautifully pulled in colour on a Rembrandt art board, and are surrounded by a gold mount ready for framing. The other portraits are of Kitchener, Buller, Baden-Powell, Macdonald, French, Ian Hamilton, and Rundle. Only a very limited number of copies have been printed, and we therefore must request intending purchasers to place their orders without delay with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at any railway bookstall. Now published; price five shillings.

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## THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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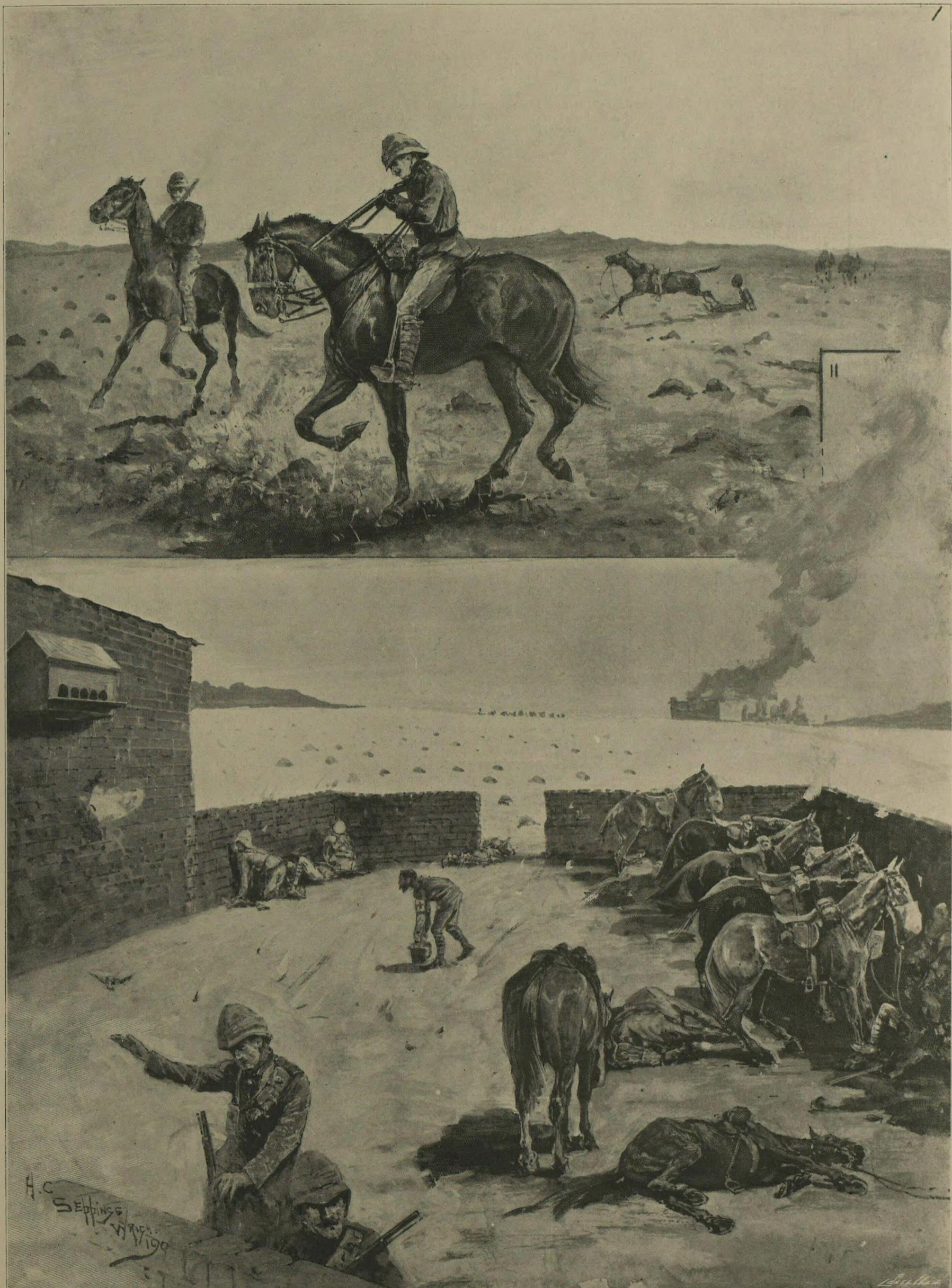


THE WRECK OF THE "RUSSIE". NEAR MARSEILLES: LANDING THE PASSENGERS AND CREW.

*After five days' imminent peril, all the ship's company was saved.*

THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*From Sketches by T. N. F. D.*



1. ROYAL IRISH RIFLES' MOUNTED INFANTRY TEACHING THEIR HORSES TO STAND FIRE.

2. THE ROYAL IRISH RIFLES' GALLANT STAND AGAINST DE WET'S ENTIRE FORCE NEAR VENTERSBURG.

*On the left is the farmhouse behind which the Boers crept unseen. They mounted the roof and dominated the kraal. Lieutenant Nickerson, R.A.M.C., is seen crossing the kraal under heavy fire with water for the wounded. During the action the horses were fed to keep them quiet. In the distance is a burning farm. Note in the left foreground a pigeon shot by a stray bullet.*

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL  
AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Among the many annual events for which the Mansion House is justly famed there is none which can compare in brilliancy and charm with the Children's Fancy Dress Ball. That which took place last week was even more brilliant and more charming than usual; for owing to the fine weather, some seven hundred little people were able to accept the invitation of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who were supported and aided in this pleasant task by all the officers of the Corporation, while the passage up the saloon and the clear space in the middle of the Egyptian Hall (the ball-room) were kept by officers of the London Rifle Brigade and Deputy Lieutenants of the City of London. The fancy dresses were this year especially pretty and ingenious, particularly excellent being Master Joseph Messenger as "Lord Roberts," Master David Bibby as "The Handy Man," Miss Jessie Rosenheim as "Pure Beer," Miss Gladys Faulkner as "Australian Federation," and a pretty little maiden charmingly arrayed in the traditional green as "The Emerald Isle."

## OUR PHOTOGRAVURES.

The fine-art pictures which we are publishing in photogravure from time to time are their own justification, and,



OUR PHOTOGRAVURES: THE QUEEN LISTENING TO A DESPATCH FROM THE FRONT.

therefore, we do not need to make any apology for once again bringing the matter before our readers. The pictures, which are taken from splendid originals by the best artists of our own staff, have already commanded an extensive popularity, and it is this success which encourages us to continue the series. We beg to inform subscribers to the photogravure, "The First Cabinet of the Twentieth Century," that they will receive their copies early in February. The following are now ready for immediate issue: "'Bobs' as Schoolmaster," an admirable reproduction in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin, half-a-crown each, size 20 in. by 15 in.; "Lord Roberts at the Front," by R. Caton Woodville, 200 artist's proofs only at £3 3s. each, which presents the hero in the field, and affords an excellent memento of the great Field-Marshal's work in South Africa: "The Queen's Garden Party," "The Surrender of Cronje to Lord Roberts," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," all at half-a-guinea each; artist's proofs, one guinea: "Eight the Good Fight" and "Sons of the Blood," at five shillings; proofs at half-a-guinea. "Mistletoe," the *Sketch* Christmas Number Supplement, printed in twenty-three colours, and mounted ready for framing, can be had at half-a-guinea. Illustrated list sent on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C., or to any bookseller or newsagent.

## THE WRECK OF THE "RUSSIE."

The stranding of the small mail-steamer *Russie* took place at Faraman on the night of Sunday, Jan. 6. The condition of the crew became a matter of pressing concern. Torpedo-boats lying at Port-de-Bouc tried in vain to weather a gale which was too much for a pilot-boat, a steamer, and the rocket apparatus on shore. There the Prefect was in constant attendance; and with him an eager group awaiting a lull in the storm. Not until the sixth day were these hopes realised, and then, when the vessel *St. Charles*, of Carro, reached them, every man, woman, and child on board the wreck was brought to land, and all in the best of health and spirits. Crowds turned out at Marseilles and other places on the way to Paris to welcome the living whom the sea had marvellously given up.

## WINTER SPORTS IN THE ENGADINE.

The winter season at St. Moritz is now at its height, and though the number of visitors is somewhat smaller than usual, the lovely weather which has so far prevailed permits the fullest enjoyment of out-door sport. Rarely has such good skating been afforded by the lakes in the Engadine. For weeks together perfect ice has gladdened the heart of the skater on both St. Moritz and Camfer Lakes. Now, however, all the large hotels have opened their own rinks, and visitors prefer to use ice which is flooded freshly each night. The village toboggan-run, from the Dorf to the Bad, holds chief honours for popularity. Following the lower road, it is covered with ice the whole length, seven hundred yards, and has properly constructed banks at the corners, and electric communication between the start and finish. Weekly or bi-weekly races are arranged, and very good times have been registered—forty seconds for the whole course will give an idea of the speed attained.

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN GIRAFFE.

Africa enjoys the distinction of possessing the tallest among living quadrupeds and the tallest of existing birds—namely, the giraffe and the ostrich; and although both giraffes and ostriches flourished at an earlier period of the earth's history in India, it is probable that neither of these exceeded their living African cousins in stature, if indeed they were the equals of the latter in height. For it is a mistake to suppose that the animals of a past epoch were giants in comparison to their existing representatives. And, as a matter of fact, neither the mammoth nor the mastodon was "in it" as regards bodily size when compared with the fast-vanishing African elephant. According to Mr. H. A. Bryden, a full-grown bull South African giraffe will stand at least nineteen feet to the tips of its short horns, one individual that was carefully measured falling only half an inch short of this enormous height. Such giants are, however, unhappily becoming year by year fewer, and it is probable that ere long they will be known only by report. In the case of such a well-known and unmistakable animal as the giraffe, anything in the way of description would obviously be out of place on an occasion like the present. But attention may be directed to the remarkable character of the short "horns" surmounting the head. Instead of being ensheathed with horny earrings, like those of antelopes, these are covered with hairy skin, like the antlers of deer in the "velvet." In the northern giraffe (for there seems to be at least three local phases of this animal) the middle of the forehead is occupied by a blunt third horn, of which there is little or no trace in the southern form, to which the specimen depicted in our Illustration belongs. There are also marked local differences in the colouring of giraffes, the most striking type being the one obtained in East Africa by Lord Delamere, which has a rich chocolate coat marked by a network of fine white lines. Giraffes stand urgently in need of protection, if they are to escape the fate of their compatriot the quagga.—R. LYDEKER.

## THE DENTON EXPLOSION.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of Jan. 14 a disastrous explosion took place in a hat factory at Denton, near Oldham. It appears that in the manufacture of hats there has been a hitherto unsuspected danger in the gas evolved by the methylated spirits employed in the operation known technically as "proofing." The proof-shop was blown to pieces, and the roof in its fall dragged away a shop adjoining, killing two men who were at work there. When the rescue-party got to work it was discovered that the loss of life had been even greater than had been imagined, for six bodies were found beneath a huge tank, and in all, the number of killed amounts to eleven. In addition to this nearly twenty persons were injured.

## THE SEAL OF BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

The design approved by the Council consists of the arms of the University, with the badge of the City of Birmingham, a sprig of the broom plant on either side. The double-headed lion and the mermaid were assigned to the University in allusion to the founder, Sir Josiah Mason, who used those devices; and the book, which in this instance bears the motto "Per ardua ad alta," is a charge which occurs in the armorial insignia of most Universities.



THE SEAL OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM,

The treatment is in sympathy with the revived heraldic art, which looks to the admirable work of the Middle Ages and of the Early Renaissance for its inspiration in the endeavour to express heraldic facts in a simple, dignified, and decorative manner. The seal has been designed and modelled by George W. Eve, A.R.E.

## THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

On Monday, Jan. 14, the Peace Protocol enforced by the Allies upon China was said once more to have been finally accepted. Talk of opposition was maintained until the last, and not unnaturally; for the clauses of this new Treaty of Peking, which we have already published, included drastic proposals for the punishment of high officials and personages of State. If China's hesitation in accepting the conditions of the Powers was a source of irritation to Europe, the unqualified agreement to them now may well be considered an act of grace. Henceforth we may hope for a more speedy progress towards pacification.

Two of our Illustrations depict scenes which bear witness to the predominance accorded to Germany by the fact of Count Waldersee's command. The German Embassy has more than its normal share of petitioners who ever pray. Chinese Mandarins and Ministers congregate in the gardens of the German Minister laden with requests, and, at times, with something more substantial—ingratiating gifts which find no acceptance. A subject of less amenity is treated by our Special Artist in his drawing of the inspection of a body of Bengal Lancers on their return from an expedition against the Boxers. Count Waldersee passed them under review, to his own satisfaction, to the high approval of an onlooking Austrian General, and to the pride, no doubt, of all English spectators.



THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION AT DENTON, NEAR OLDHAM: THE SCENE SHORTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.  
Foto. C. F. Shaw, Batley.



AFTER FIFTY YEARS: LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

## PERSONAL.

The evening of Friday, Jan. 11, the last of the Prince of Wales's visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, was devoted to amateur theatricals. The day had been rainy, entirely precluding the possibility of sport, and accordingly the entertainment of the evening was all the more gladly welcomed. At half-past nine the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire and the guests who had been present at the dinner-party, took their places in the ball-room. The entertainment opened with a French comedietta entitled "Le Bibelot," in which Count Albert Mensdorff, Miss Muriel Wilson, and Lady Aldra Acheson acted. The evergreen "Pantomime Rehearsal" followed, and went from start to finish with wonderful verve and spirit. Miss Muriel Wilson and Mrs. Willie James danced, and the part of Lord Arthur Pomeroy was taken by Mr. Leo Trevor. Captain Jeffcock, Mr. Bingham Mildmay, M.P., Count Albert Mensdorff, Lady Feo Sturt, Mrs. Graham Menzies, and Lady Aldra Acheson completed the list of performers. After supper the house-party danced "Sir Roger de Coverley" in the Picture Gallery.

Lord Lionel Cecil, who died last Sunday morning at Holwood, Bromley, Kent, was born in 1853, being a son of the second Marquis of Salisbury by his second marriage. He was, therefore, one of the step-brothers of the Prime Minister, though belonging to a younger generation. Lord Lionel's mother, whose death was recently announced, married again, her second husband being a statesman at one time in political alliance with Lord Salisbury—the fifteenth Earl of Derby. Lord Lionel Cecil was devoted to farming pursuits in

the North of England, where also he was an efficient Volunteer officer, being Major and Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. When the war broke out Lord Lionel offered his services for South Africa, whence he had only recently returned.

The birthday of a celebrity, alive or dead, is celebrated by a daily paper every morning in a paragraph that commemorates his career with an apt quotation chosen miscellaneous from all literature. This new kind of birthday-calendar gives, therefore, a happy opportunity for experiments in character-reading. The quotations from Mrs. Wharton applied to Mr. Sargent (who was forty-five last Saturday) seem to fit so well that one imagines Mr. Sargent, changing his rôle, must himself have stood for the portrait of her painter in fiction. In view of the brilliance of Molière's women, particularly happy is the quotation made on his birthday last Monday from Mr. George Meredith: "There never will be civilisation where comedy is not possible; and civilisation comes of some degree of social equality of the sexes."

Mr. Chamberlain is credited by Mr. Kruger with having suggested to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the propriety of proposing Canadian mediation between the British Empire and the Boers! This mare's nest is as grotesque as the suggestion that the Outlanders will object to any contribution from the Transvaal to the cost of the war on the plea that the American Colonies fought against taxation without representation.

Captain Dudley Cater Johnston, of the Indian Medical Service, attached to the 24th Baluchistan Regiment, at

Loralai, has died a victim to the fanaticism of a ghazi, who lay in wait at the bazaar entrance for the first European who should pass that way. Unluckily for Captain Johnston, his round of duty as Civil Surgeon made him the first passer-by. The fanatic, with the cry of "Allah!" upon his lips, sprang forward and cut down the unfortunate officer before he could act on the hospital-assistant's warning shout to him

to escape. The murderer then triumphantly rushed through the bazaar, submitting to arrest, and facing with the usual indifference the speedy carrying out upon himself of the death-penalty.

It is interesting to know that even wedding finery is sometimes beyond the reach of wealth. The lady who has married Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt wanted her wedding dress to be an exact copy of Queen Wilhelmina's. This dazzling ambition was not to be gratified, for it was found that the lace on Queen Wilhelmina's dress could not be matched. So royalty still has privileges that the plutocracy of a Republic cannot grasp!

The death of Henry Wyndham, second Baron Leconfield, took place last Sunday morning at his town house in

Chesterfield Gardens, after a hopeless illness of several weeks' duration. With his country home, Petworth House, Sussex, the head of the Wyndham family must be most closely associated; for there he was the possessor of one of those splendid private collections of pictures which are among the glories of England, and which astonish us with their riches whenever Burlington House taxes them for one of its loan collections. The Earl of Egremont, the grandfather of Lord Leconfield, was the greatest collector of his line, and to him were due the Turners associated with that part of Sussex which includes Chichester and Arundel. The first Lord Leconfield married Miss Blunt of Crabbett Park, and their eldest son, the peer just dead, was born in 1830, and married, when he was thirty-seven, a sister of Lord Rosebery. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; was a Captain in the 1st Life Guards, and before he succeeded to the Barony, sat in the House of Commons for West Sussex. His son, who succeeds to the family estates, extending over about 110,000 acres, is nearly twenty-nine years of age.

There is a feud between the Parliament of Man and the Manx reporters. They have declined to report the proceedings of the Manx Legislature because proper accommodation in the House of Keys has been refused to them. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Hall Caine to step in as mediator. He might even undertake to report the debates himself, and turn them into inspiring romance for legions of readers.

A Paris clairvoyante gives the French Republic six years more. After that the Bonapartes are to have another turn. This oracular wisdom has caused quite a stir among the Bonapartists; but they cannot agree about their champion. Some are for Prince Victor and others for Prince Louis, and the French people are apparently for neither, although it is impossible to say what may not happen in France before 1907.

Brevet-Major Lewis Stratford Tollemache Halliday, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with the *Orlando*



Photo. Gerrard.  
CAPTAIN DUDLEY C. JOHNSTON  
(Indian Medical Service),  
Murdered by a Ghazi at Loralai.

BREVET-MAJOR L. S. T. HALLIDAY,  
Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Peking.

reached the Victoria Cross for gallantry during the recent disturbances in China. Towards the end of last June the Boxers made a fierce assault on the west wall of the British Legation, setting fire to a gateway and stables, and then taking cover in some adjoining buildings. A sortie was made by Captain Halliday and twenty marines, who at once engaged the enemy. Before he could use his revolver, however, he was shot through the left shoulder at point-blank range, the bullet fracturing it and carrying away part of his lung. Notwithstanding this maiming, Captain Halliday killed three of his assailants, and then, telling his men to "carry on and not mind him," and refusing an escort, walked back unaided to the hospital.

Lord Roberts has given another illustration of his simple and soldierly character by postponing indefinitely the festivities organised in his honour. "In the present unhappy circumstances in South Africa," he thinks them out of place. He does not want to be feasted and toasted and presented with caskets and gold chains while the war goes on. He did a splendid work in South Africa, but he recognises that the task of his successor is even more difficult than his own.

There are still people who talk about this war as if it demonstrated the military incompetence of England because so great a force is needed to crush the resistance of the Boers. Any candid military expert on the Continent will tell these people that France, or Germany, or Russia, if engaged in such a war under such conditions, would have been compelled to employ an equally large number of troops. With nearly two thousand miles of railway communications to defend, thirty towns to garrison, and the Boer commandoes to chase over an enormous extent of country, it is not surprising that our army in South Africa is not even yet strong enough to cope with all the difficulties.

By the strict usages of war, a commander is justified in shooting any emissary of the enemy who endeavours to seduce his troops from their allegiance. De Wet may thus defend the shooting of a British subject for spreading Lord Kitchener's proclamation among the fighting burghers. Such a defence will scarcely hold water, for it

is preposterous to contend that an open proclamation, offering amnesty to all the fighting burghers without distinction, and supported by the Boer Peace Committee at Pretoria, is a clandestine attempt to tamper with the loyalty of the Boers still in arms. Such a contention would reduce all conciliation to absurdity.

Mr. E. T. Cook has retired from the editorship of the *Daily News* in consequence of the sale of that journal to a syndicate that is opposed to his policy of "sane Imperialism." It is understood that the new editor is to be Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, but at present there is an interregnum. Mr. Lehmann is well known as an oarsman, and as a contributor to *Punch*, but he is new to daily journalism and editorial chairs.

Sir James Reid, the Queen's Physician-in-Ordinary, is henceforth to be housed within the precincts of Windsor Castle. Sir James married the Hon. Susan Baring, one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour, and the new residence, situated near the Round Tower, is being made ready for Sir James and Lady Reid on the return of the Court to Windsor.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bransby Lewis Key, Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria, died last Saturday at 55, Elsham Road, W., from the effects of an accident he had six months before.

The late Bishop was born in 1838; was educated at Kensington Grammar School and at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury; was ordained in 1864; and went out to South Africa to take charge of St. Augustine's, Transkei. Nearly twenty years of labour in that mission led to his appointment as Bishop-Coadjutor of St. John's, Kaffraria, a see of which he took undivided possession on the death of its first Bishop, Dr. Galloway, in 1886. The diocese was large enough to satisfy all missionary ambitions, for it included in its sphere of influence districts of Transkei, Tembuland, Griqualand East, and Pondoland.

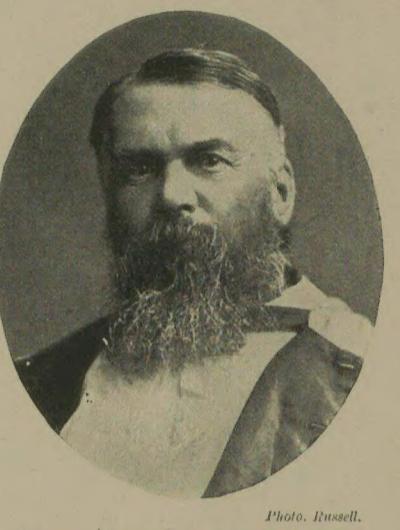


Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE RIGHT REV. B. L. KEY, D.D.,  
Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria.

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The death of Mr. Sam Lewis, who rose to affluence as a money-lender, has lessened by one the millionaires gathered together in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Lewis, who had a good heart and many business associations with the Peerage, being asked one day what he did with his vast capital, replied: "I give to the poor and lend to the lord."

One of the most delightful stories which has seen the light regarding the late Bishop of London is that which tells how the prelate, himself a master of caustic humour, was once neatly countered by Father Stanton. Dr. Creighton had visited St. Alban Martyrs, Holborn, and, while generally well pleased, wished to express dissent from one or two of Father Stanton's methods. "I like your service, Stanton," he said, "but I don't like your incense." "Very sorry, my Lord," was the reply, "but it's the best I can get for three and sixpence a pound."

Lady O'Hagan has been elected to the chair of the Burnley School Board for the next three years. "To the chair" is a phrase which escapes a difficulty; for chairman she is not, and chairwoman is already appropriated. Perhaps the simplest thing would be to reclaim the phrase. Meanwhile Lady O'Hagan is generally described as "chairman." But are the members to address her as "Mr." or as "Mrs." Chairman.

A brilliant feat of daring was performed during the attack on Kaalfontein Station by Private Park, of the Cheshire Mounted Infantry. Our men were attacked at day-break by the Boers, who had torn up the rails between Kaalfontein and Pretoria, and had cut the telegraph wires, doing similar damage on the Johannesburg side. The position soon became critical, whereupon Private Park volunteered to ride through the Boer lines to the nearest station and telegraph to Pretoria for assistance.

This he succeeded in doing, despite a shower of Mauser bullets. He reached Olifantsfontein Station in safety, and telegraphed the news of the attack to headquarters. Private Park is quite a young soldier, and his magnificent exploit has won him general admiration. Reinforcements were immediately despatched by train from Pretoria, and on hearing of their approach the Boers retired.

The bans for the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Henry are to be formally published at the Hague this morning; and in the evening the engaged couple, accompanied by the Queen-Mother, will drive through the illuminated streets.

Photo. Dumaresq, Guernsey.



Photo. Mitchell, Dublin.  
PRIVATE PARK,  
Distinguished for Gallantry at Kaalfontein.

# The Would-be-Goods.

## HUNTING THE FOX.

BY E. NESBIT.

*[Copyright by E. Nesbit in Great Britain and the United States.]*

Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

**I**T is idle to expect everyone to know everything in the world without being told. If we had been brought up in the country, we should have known that it is not done—to hunt the fox in August. But in the Lewisham Road the most observing boy does not notice the dates when it is proper to hunt foxes.

And there are some things you cannot bear to think anybody would think you would do: that is why I wish to say plainly at the very beginning that none of us would have shot a fox on purpose, even to save our skins. Of course, if a man were at bay in a cave, and had to defend girls from the simulative attack of a herd of savage foxes, it would be different. A man is bound to protect girls, and take care of them. They can jolly well take care of themselves really, it seems to me; still, this is what Albert's uncle calls one of the "rules of the game"—so we are bound to defend them and fight for them to the death if needful.

Denny knows a quotation which says—

What dire offence from harmless causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trefoil things.

He says this means that all great events come from three things—threefold, like the threefold clover, or trefoil, and the causes are always harmless. Trefoil is short for threefold.

There were certainly three things that led up to the adventure which is now going to be told to you. The first was our Indian uncle coming down to the country to see us; the second was Denny's tooth; the third was only our wanting to go hunting—but if you count it in, it makes the thing about the trefoil come right. And all these causes were harmless.

It is a flattering thing to say, and it was not Oswald who said it, but Alice. She said she was certain our uncle missed us, and that he felt he could no longer live without seeing his dear ones. (That was us.)

Anyway, he came down to the house where we were staying without warning, which is one of the few bad

habits that excellent Indian man has, and this habit has ended in unpleasantness more than once.

However, this time it was all right. He came on rather a dull kind of day, when no one had thought of anything particularly amusing to do. So that, as it happened to be dinner-time, and we had just washed our hands and faces, we were all spotlessly clean (compared with what we are sometimes, I mean, of course).

We were just sitting down to dinner, and Albert's uncle was just plunging the knife into the hot heart of the steak-pudding, when there was the rumble of wheels, and the station fly stopped at the garden gate. And in the fly, sitting very upright, with his hands on his knees, was our Indian relative, so much beloved. He looked very smart, with a rose in his button-hole. How different from what he looked in other days when he helped us to pretend that our currant-pudding was a wild boar we were killing with our forks. Yet, though tidier, his heart still beat kind and true. You should not judge people harshly because their clothes are tidy. He had dinner with us, and, then we showed him round the place, and told him everything we thought he would like to hear, about the Tower of Mystery, and he said—

"It makes my blood boil to think of it."

Noël said he was sorry for that, because everyone else we had told it to had owned, when we asked them, that it froze their blood.

"Ah!" said the uncle, "but in India we learn how to freeze our blood and boil it at the same time."

In these hot longitudes, perhaps, the blood is always near boiling-point, which accounts for Indian tempers, though not for the curry and pepper they eat. But I must not wander: there is no curry at all in this story. About temper I will not say.

The uncle let us all go with him to the station when the fly came back for him, and when we said good-bye he tipped us all half-a-quid, without any insidious distinctions about age, or considering whether you were a boy

or a girl. Our Indian uncle is a true-born Briton, with no nonsense about him.

We cheered him like one man as the train went off, and then we offered the fly-driver a shilling to take us back to the four cross roads, and the grateful creature did it for nothing, because he said the gent had tipped him something like. How scarce is true gratitude! So we cheered the driver, too, for this rare virtue, and then went home to talk about what we should do with our money.

I cannot tell you all that we did with it: because money melts away "like snow wreaths in thawjean," as Denny says, and somehow the more you have the more quickly it melts. We all went into Maidstone, and came back with the most beautiful lot of brown-paper parcels, with things inside that supplied long-felt wants; but none of them were important except what Oswald and Denny clubbed to buy.

This was a pistol, and it took all the money they both had, but when Oswald felt the uncomfortable inside sensation that reminds you who it is and his money that are soon parted, he said to himself—

"I don't care. We ought to have a pistol in the house—and one that will go off too; not those rotten flint-locks. Suppose there should be burglars, and us totally unarmed!"

We took it in turns to have the pistol, and we decided always to practise with it far from the house, so as not to frighten the grown-ups, who are always much nervouser about firearms than we are.

It was Denny's idea getting it, and Oswald owns it surprised him. We got it while the others were grubbing at the pastrycook's in the High Street; and we said nothing till after tea, though it was hard not to fire at the birds on the telegraph-wires as we came home in the train.

After tea we called a council in the straw-loft, and Oswald said—

"Denny and I have got a secret."

"I know what it is," Dickie said contemptibly; "you've found out that shop in Maidstone where peppermint-rock



*We dug a hole to bury the fox in. . . . Oswald used the fork, and Dickie had the spade.*

is four ounces a penny. H. O. and I found it out before you did—”

Oswald said, “ You shut up ! If you don’t want to hear the secret you’d better bunk. I’m going to administer the Secret Oath.”

This is a very solemn oath, and only used about real things, and never for pretending ones, so Dickie said—

“ Oh, all right—go ahead ! I thought you were only rotting.”

So they all took the Secret Oath. Noël made it up long before—when he had found the first thrush’s nest we ever saw, in the Blackheath garden—

I will not tell, I will not reveal,  
I will not touch, nor try to steal,  
And may I be called a beastly sneak  
If this great secret I ever repeat.

It is a little wrong about the poetry, but it is a very binding promise. They all repeated it, down to H. O.

“ Now, then,” Dickie said, “ what’s up ? ”

Oswald, in proud silence, drew the pistol from his breast and held it out—and there was a murmur of awful amazement and respect from every one of the Council. The pistol was not loaded, so we let even the girls have it to look at.

And then Dickie said, “ Let’s go hunting.”

And we decided that we would. H. O. wanted to go down to the village and get penny horns at the shop for the huntsman to wind, like in the song, but we thought it would be more modest not to wind horns or anything noisy—at any rate, not until we had run down our prey. But his talking of the song made us decide that it was the fox we wanted to hunt. We had not been particular which animal we hunted before that.

Oswald let Denny have first go with the pistol, and when we went to bed he slept with it under his pillow, but not loaded, for fear he should have a nightmare and draw his fell weapon before he was properly awake.

Oswald let Denny have it because Denny had toothache, and a pistol is consoling, though it does not actually stop the pain of the tooth. The toothache got worse, and Albert’s uncle looked at it and said it was very loose, and Denny owned he had tried to crack a peach-stone with it—which accounts. He had creosote and camphor, and went to bed early, with his tooth tied up in red flannel.

Oswald knows it is right to be very kind when people are ill, and he forebore to wake the sufferer next morning by buzzing a pillow at him, as he generally does. He got up and went over to shake the invalid, but the bird had flown and the nest was cold. The pistol was not in the nest either, but Oswald found it afterwards under the looking-glass on the dressing-table. He had just awakened the others (with a hair-brush, because they had not got anything the matter with their teeth) when he heard wheels, and looking out, beheld Denny and Albert’s uncle being driven from the door in the farmer’s high cart with the red wheels.

We dressed extra quick, so as to get downstairs to the bottom of the mystery. And we found a note from Albert’s uncle. It was addressed to Dora, and said—

“ Denny’s toothache got him up in the small hours. He’s off to the dentist to have it out with him, man to man. Home to lunch.”

Dora said—

“ Denny’s gone to the dentist—”

“ I expect it’s a relation,” H. O. said ; “ Denny must be short for Dentist.”

I suppose he was trying to be funny : he really does try very hard. He wants to be a clown when he grows up.

The others laughed.

“ I wonder,” Dickie said, “ whether he’ll get a shilling or half-a-crown for it.”

Oswald had been meditating in gloomy silence. Now he cheered up, and said—

“ Of course. I’d forgotten that. He’ll get his money and the drive too. So it’s quite fair for us to have the fox-hunt while he’s gone. I was thinking we should have to put it off.”

The others agreed that it would not be unfair.

“ We can have another one another time if he wants to,” Oswald said.

We know foxes are hunted in red coats and on horseback—but we couldn’t do this ; but H. O. had the old red football jersey that was Albert’s uncle’s when he was at Loretto. He was pleased.

“ But I do wish we’d had horns,” he said grievedly. “ I should have liked to wind the horn.”

“ We can pretend horns,” Dora said. But he answered, “ I didn’t want to pretend. I want to wind something.”

“ Wind your watch,” Dickie said. And that was unkind, because we all know H. O.’s watch is broken, and when you wind it it only rattles inside without going in the least.

We did not bother to dress up much for the hunting expedition—just cocked hats and lath swords—and we tied a card on to H. O.’s chest with—

#### MOAT HOUSE FOX-HUNTERS

on it—and we tied red flannel round all the dogs’ necks, to show they were foxhounds. Yet it did not seem to show it plainly : somehow it made them look as if they were not foxhounds, but their own natural breeds—only with sore throats.

Oswald slipped the pistol and a few cartridges into his pocket. He knew, of course, that foxes are not shot, but he said—

“ Who knows whether we may not meet a bear or a crocodile.”

We set off gaily. Across the orchard and through two cornfields, and along the hedge of another ; and so we got into the wood, through a gap we had happened to make a day or two before, playing “ follow-my-leader.”

The wood was very quiet and green, the dogs were happy and most busy. Once Pincher started a rabbit. We said “ View halloo ! ” immediately, and started in pursuit ; but the rabbit went and hid, so that even Pincher could not find him, and we went on. But we saw no foxes.

So at last we made Dickie be a fox, and chased him down the green rides. A wide walk in a wood is called a ride even if people never do anything but walk in it.

We had only three hounds, Lady, Pincher, and Martha. so we joined the glad throng, and were being hounds as

hard as we could, when we suddenly came barking round a corner in full chase—and stopped short, for we saw that our fox had stayed his hasty flight. The fox was stooping over something reddish that lay beside the path, and he cried—

“ I say, look here ! ” in tones that thrilled us throughout.

Our fox—whom we must now call Dickie, so as not to muddle the narration—pointed to the reddish thing that the dogs were sniffing at.

“ It’s a real live fox,” he said. And so it was. At least it was real, only it was quite dead, and when Oswald lifted it up its head was bleeding. It had evidently been shot through the brain and expired instantly. Oswald explained this to the girls, when they began to cry at the sight of the poor beast : he felt a bit sorry himself.

The fox was cold ; but its fur was so pretty, and its tail and its little feet. Dickie strung the dogs on the leash—they were so much interested we thought it was better.

“ It does seem horrid to think it’ll never see again out of its poor little eyes,” Dora said, blowing her nose.

“ And never run about through the wood again ; lend me your hanky, Dora,” said Alice.

“ And never be hunted, or get into a hen-roost, or a trap, or anything exciting, poor little thing ! ” said Dickie.

The girls began to pick green chestnut-leaves to cover up the poor fox’s fatal wound, and Noël began to walk up and down making faces, the way he always does when he’s making poetry. He cannot make one without the other. It works both ways.

“ What are we going to do now ? ” H. O. said ; “ the huntsman ought to cut off its tail, I know. Only I’ve broken the big blade of my knife, and the other never was any good.”

The girls gave H. O. a shove—and even Oswald said “ Shut up.” For somehow we all felt we did not want to play fox-hunting any more that day. When his deadly wound was covered the fox hardly looked dead at all.

“ Oh ! I wish it wasn’t true,” Alice said.

Daisy had been crying all the time, and now she said : “ I should like to pray God to make it not true—”

But Dora kissed her, and told her it was no good—only she might pray God to take care of the fox’s poor little babies, if it had had any, which I believe she has done ever since.

“ If only we could wake up and find it was a horrid dream,” Alice said.

It seems silly that we should have cared so much when we had really set out to hunt foxes with dogs, but it is true. The fox’s little feet looked so helpless. And there was a dusty mark on its side that I know would not have been there if it had been alive and able to wash itself.

Noël now said—

“ This is the piece of poetry—

Here lies poor Reynard, who is slain,  
He will not come to life again.  
I never will the huntsman’s horn  
Wind since the day that I was born  
Until the day I die,  
For I don’t like hunting, and this is why.”

“ Let’s have a funeral,” said H. O. This pleased everybody, and we got Dora to take off her petticoat to wrap the fox in, so that we could carry it to our garden and bury it without bloodying our jackets. Girls’ clothes are silly in one way ; but I think they are useful too. A boy cannot take off more than his jacket and waistcoat in any emergency, or he is at once entirely undressed. But I have known Dora take off her two petticoats for useful purposes, and look just the same outside afterwards.

We boys took it in turns to carry the fox. It was very heavy.

When we got near the edge of the wood, Noël said—

“ It would be better to bury it here, where the leaves can talk funeral-songs over its grave for ever—and the other foxes can come and cry if they want to.” He dumped the fox down on the moss under a young oak-tree as he spoke. “ If Dickie fetched the spade or fork we could bury it here, and then he could tie up the dogs at the same time.”

“ You’re sick of carrying it,” Dickie said, “ that’s what it is.” But he went, on condition the rest of us boys went too.

While we were gone, the girls dragged the fox to the edge of the wood—it was a different edge to the one we went in by—close to a lane, and while they waited for the digging or fatigue party to come back, they collected a lot of moss and green things to make the fox’s long home soft for it to lie in. There are no flowers in the woods in August, which is a pity.

When we got back with the spade and fork we dug a hole to bury the fox in. We did not bring our dogs back because they were too interested in the funeral to behave with real respectable calmness. The ground was loose and soft and easy to dig, when we had scraped away the broken bits of sticks and the dead leaves and the wild honeysuckle. Oswald used the fork, and Dickie had the spade. Noël made faces and poetry—he was struck so that morning—and the girls sat stroking the clean parts of the fox’s fur till the grave was deep enough. At last it was. Then Daisy threw in the leaves and grass, and Alice and Dora took the poor, dead fox by his two ends and put him in the grave. We could not lower him slowly—he was dropped in really. Then we covered the furry body with leaves, and Noël said the Burial Ode he had made up. When this had been said we filled in the grave, and covered the top of it with dry leaves and sticks, to make it look like the rest of the wood.

People might think it was treasure and dig it up if they thought there was anything there, and we wished the poor fox to sleep sound and not to be disturbed.

The ceremony was over. We folded up Dora’s blood-stained pink cotton petticoat, and turned to leave the sad spot.

We had not gone a dozen yards down the lane when we heard footsteps and a whistle behind us, and a scratching and whining, and a gentleman with two fox-terriers had called a halt just by the place where we had interred the “ little red rover.”

The gentleman stood in the lane, but the dogs were digging. We could see their tails wagging and see the dust fly. And we saw where. We ran back.

“ Oh, please, do stop your dogs digging there ! ” Alice said.

The gentleman said, “ Why ? ”

“ Because we’ve just had a funeral, and that’s the grave.”

The gentleman whistled, but the fox-terriers were not trained like Pincher. The gentleman stepped through the hedge gap.

“ What have you been burying—a pet dicky-bird, eh ? ” said the gentleman kindly. He had riding-breeches and white whiskers.

We did not answer, because now, for the first time, it came over all of us—in a rush of blushes and uncomfortableness—that burying a fox is a suspicious act. I don’t know why we felt this, but we did.

Noël said dreamily—

We found his murdered body in the wood,  
And dug a grave by which the mourners stood.

But no one heard him except Oswald, because Alice and Dora and Daisy were all jumping about with the jumps of unstrained anguish, and saying, “ Oh, call them off—don’t ! don’t ! Don’t let them dig.”

Alas ! Oswald was, as usual, right. The ground of the grave had not been trampled down hard enough—and he had said so plainly at the time, but his prudent counsels had been overruled. Now these busybodying, meddling, mischief-making fox-terriers (how different from Pincher, who minds his own business unless told otherwise ! ) had scratched away the earth, and laid bare the reddish tip of the poor corpse’s tail.

We all turned to go without a word. It seemed to be no use staying any longer.

But in a moment the gentleman with the whiskers had got Noël and Dickie by the ear : they were nearest him. H. O. hid in the hedge. Oswald, to whose noble breast sneakiness is, I am thankful to say, a stranger, would have scorned to escape ; but he ordered his sisters to bunk in a tone of command which made refusal impossible.

“ And bunk sharp too,” he added sternly ; “ cut along home.”

So they cut.

The white-whiskered gentleman now encouraged his mangy fox-terriers by every means at his command to continue their vile and degrading occupation, holding on all the time to the ears of Dickie and Noël, who scorned to ask for mercy. Dickie got purple and Noël got white. It was Oswald who said—

“ Don’t hang on to them, Sir ; we won’t cut. I give you my word of honour.”

“ Your word of honour,” said the gentleman, in tones for which, in happier days, when people drew their bright blades and fought duels, I would have had his heart’s dearest blood. But now Oswald remained calm and polite as ever.

“ Yes—on my honour,” he said, and the gentleman dropped the ears of Oswald’s brothers at the sound of his firm, unswerving tones. He dropped the ears and pulled out the body of the fox, and held it up. The dogs jumped up and yelled.

“ Now,” he said, “ you talk very big about words of honour. Can you speak the truth ? ”

Dickie said : “ If you think we shot it, you’re wrong. We know better than that.”

The white-whiskered one turned suddenly to H. O. and pulled him out of the hedge.

“ And what does that mean ? ” he said—and he was pink with fury to the ends of his large ears—as he pointed to the card on H. O.’s breast, which said : “ Moat House Fox-Hunters.”

Then Oswald said : “ We were playing at fox-hunting, but we couldn’t find anything but a rabbit that hid, so my brother was being the fox, and then we found the fox shot dead, and I don’t know who did it, and we were sorry, and we buried it—and that’s all.”

“ Not quite,” said the riding-breeches gentleman, with what, I think, you call a bitter smile, “ not quite. This is my land, and I’ll have you up for trespass and damage. Come along now—no nonsense—I’m a Magistrate and I’m Master of the Hounds. A vixen too ! what did you shoot her with ? You’re too young to have a gun—sneaked your father’s revolver, I suppose.”

Oswald thought it was better to be goldenly silent. But it was vain. The Master of the Hounds made him empty his pockets, and there was the pistol—and the cartridges.

The Magistrate laughed a harsh laugh of successful disagreeableness.

“ All right,” said he, “ where’s your license ? You come with me. A week or two in prison”—I don’t believe now he could have done it, but we all thought then he could and, what’s more, would.

So H. O. began to cry, but Noël spoke up. His teeth were chattering, yet he spoke up like a man.

He said, “ You don’t know us. You’ve no right not to believe us till you’ve found us out in a lie. We don’t tell lies. You ask Albert’s uncle if we do.”

“ Hold your tongue,” said the White-Whiskered.

But Noël’s blood was up.

“ If you do put us in prison without being sure,” he said, trembling more and more, “ you are a horrible tyrant, like Caligula and Herod and the Spanish Inquisition—and I will write a poem about it in prison, and people will curse you for ever.”

“ Upon my word,” said White Whiskers, “ we’ll see about that ! ” And he turned up the lane, with the fox hanging from one hand and Noël’s ear once more reposing in the other.

I thought Noël would cry or faint, but he bore up nobly, exactly like an early Christian martyr.

The rest of us came along too. I carried the spade and Dickie had the fork, H. O. had the card, and Noël had the Magistrate.

At the end of the lane, there was Alice. She had bunked home, obeying the orders of her thoughtful brother ; but she had bolted back again like a shot, so as not to be out of the scrape. She is almost worthy to be a boy, for some things.

She spoke to Mr. Magistrate, and said—

“ Where are you taking him ? ”

The outraged majesty of the Magistrate said : “ To prison, you naughty little girl.”

Alice said : “ Noël will faint. Somebody once tried to take him to prison before—about a dog. Do please come to our house and see our uncle—at least, he’s not, but it’s the same thing. We didn’t kill the fox, if that’s what you think—indeed we didn’t. Oh dear, I do wish you’d think of your own little boys and girls, if you’ve got any.”

or else about when you were little. You wouldn't be so horrid if you did."

I don't know which, if either, of these topics the Fox-hound Master thought of, but he said—

"Well, lead on!" and he let go Noël's ear; and Alice snuggled up to Noël and put her arm round him.

It was a frightened procession, whose cheeks were pale with alarm, except those between white whiskers, and they were red, that wound in at our gate and into the hall, where the floor is black and white marble in squares like a chessboard.

Dora and Daisy were at the door. The pink petticoat lay on the table, all stained with the gore of the departed. Dora looked at us all, and she saw that it was serious. She pulled out the big oak chair and said—

"Won't you sit down?" very kindly to the white-whiskered Magistrate.

He grunted, but did as she said.

of the Foxhounds, but he was not master of his temper, which is more important, I should think, than a lot of beastly dogs.

He said several words which Oswald would never repeat, much less use in his own conversing, and besides that, he called us "obstinate little beggars."

Then suddenly Albert's uncle entered in the midst of a silence freighted with despairing reflections. The M.F.H. got up and told his tale: it was mainly lies, or to be more polite, it was hardly any of it true, though I suppose he believed it.

"I am very sorry, Sir," said Albert's uncle, looking at the bullets. "You'll excuse my asking for the children's version."

"Oh, certainly, Sir, certainly," fuming, the Fox-hound Magistrate replied.

Then Albert's uncle said, "Now, Oswald, I know I can trust you to speak the exact truth."

for all you're worth; it's all right." And Denny said, drawing relief's deepest breath—

"Well, then, Oswald and I have got a pistol—shares. And I had it last night. And when I couldn't sleep last night because of the toothache, I got up and went out early this morning. And I took the pistol. And I loaded it just for fun. And down in the wood I heard a whining like a dog—and I went, and there was the poor fox caught in an iron trap with teeth. And I went to let it out, and it bit me; look! here's the place, and the pistol went off, and the fox died—and I am so sorry."

"But why didn't you tell the others?"

"They weren't awake when I went to the dentist's."

"But why didn't you tell your uncle, if you've been with him all the morning?"

"It was the oath," H. O. said—

"May I be called a beastly sneak  
If this great secret I ever repeat."



*He turned up the lane, with the fox hanging from one hand, and Noël's ear once more reposing in the other.*

Then he looked about him in a comfortable silence—and so did we.

At last he said—

"Come, you didn't try to bolt. Speak the truth, and I'll say no more."

We said we had.

Then he laid the fox on the table, spreading out the petticoat under it, and he took out a knife, and the girls hid their faces. Even Oswald did not care to look. Wounds in battle are all very well, but it's different to see a dead fox cut into with a knife.

Next moment the Magistrate wiped something on his handkerchief and then laid it on the table, and put one of my cartridges beside it. It was a bullet that had killed the fox.

"Look here!" he said. And it was too true. The bullets were the same.

A thrill of despair ran through Oswald. He knows now how a hero feels when he is innocently accused of a crime, and the Judge is putting on the black cap and the evidence is conclusive, and all human aid is despised of.

"I can't help it," he said; "we didn't kill it, and that's all there is to it."

The white-whiskered Magistrate may have been Master

So Oswald did.

Then the white-whiskered Foxmaster laid the bullets before Albert's uncle, and I felt this would be a trial to his faith far worse than the rack or the thumbscrew.

And then Denny came in. He looked at the fox on the table.

"You found it, then?" he said.

The M.F.H. would have spoken, but Albert's uncle said, "One moment. Denny, you've seen this fox before?"

"Rather!" said Denny. "I—"

But Albert's uncle said, "Take time. Think before you speak, and say the exact truth. No; don't whisper to Oswald. This boy," he said to the injured Foxmaster, has been with me since seven this morning. His tale, whatever it is, will be independent evidence."

But Denny would not speak, though again and again Albert's uncle told him to.

"I can't till I've asked Oswald something," he said at last.

White Whiskers said, "That looks bad—eh?"

But Oswald said, "Don't whisper, old chap. Ask me whatever you like, but speak up."

Denny said, "I can't, without breaking the Secret Oath."

So then Oswald began to see, and he said, "Break away

White Whiskers actually grinned.

"Well," he said, "I see it was an accident, my boy." Then he turned to us and said—

"I owe you an apology for doubting your word—all of you. I hope it's accepted."

We said it was all right, and he was to never mind.

But all the same, we hated him for it. He tried to make up for his unbelievingness afterwards by asking Albert's uncle to shoot rabbits; but we did not really forgive him till the day when he sent the fox's brush to Alice, mounted in silver, with a note about her plucky conduct in standing by her brothers.

We got a lecture about not playing with firearms—but no punishment, because our conduct had not been exactly sinful, Albert's uncle said, but merely silly.

The pistol and the cartridges were confiscated.

I hope the house will never be attacked by burglars. If it is, Albert's uncle will only have himself to thank if we are rapidly overpowered, because it will be his fault that we shall have to meet them totally unarmed, and be their almost unresisting prey.

THE END.



INSPECTION OF THE BENGAL LANCERS BY COUNT WALDERSEE AT THE SOUTH-WEST GATE OF PEKING.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*Count Waldersee inspected the Lancers on their return from an expedition against the Boxers. The troopers presented a splendid appearance, and the Austrian attaché, General Hauptmann, said he had never seen such a fine body of men.*

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



A DEPUTATION OF MANDARINS AND CHINESE MINISTERS ASKING FOR AN AUDIENCE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN THE COURT OF THE GERMAN LEGATION, PEKING.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNSBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*The Mandarins often bring presents with a view to procuring German clemency. Such incidents as these occur at almost every sitting of the peace plenipotentiaries.*

MR. LINLEY  
SAMBOURNE.

Mr. Edward Linley Sambourne has long been one of the licensed amusers of the nation. His ingenuities are a national possession, for *Punch* is still a paper that soars above parties, and that represents John Bull to the foreigner in his club. It goes to the Quirinal and to the Vatican, to the Sultan and the Czar, to Berlin and Paris; and it has this great advantage: that the cartoon tells, in many cases, its own story, without the need of any translation. Mr. Linley Sambourne, in succeeding Sir John Tenniel as Cartoonist-in-Chief, has, therefore, international responsibilities. That he is fully equal to them is proved by his career in the past. That career is now a fairly long one. The son of Mr. Edward Mott Sambourne, of St. Paul's Churchyard, he was born in 1845, and was educated at the City of London School and at Chester College. When he was sixteen he was sent to learn engineering. Perhaps it was the department of draughtsmanship in that profession which was alluring. Anyhow, before Mr. Sambourne's muscles had been too hardened by use of heavier implements, he turned his pencil to volunteer account as a contributor to *Punch* under its first editor, Mr. Mark Lemon, and the connection has lasted thirty-four years. Apart from his



SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S SUCCESSOR AS "PUNCH" CHIEF CARTOONIST: MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

*Punch* work, Mr. Sambourne has been a busy illustrator—a busier one than he will find it easy to be now that a larger demand than ever is made upon him by Mr. Burnand. Best known are his designs for Kingsley's "Water Babies," for "The New Sandford and Merton," and "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers."

AUSTRALIANS  
WELCOMED HOME.

London has lately seen its champion crowds, but Melbourne or Sydney can bring together a concourse the mother-country would find it hard to beat. The illustration which shows the scene in Swanston and Collins Streets, when 700 Australians returned to Melbourne from South Africa in December, gives only a faint idea of the numbers who similarly packed the highway for a mile and a quarter. It is the cumulative effect of a crowd that tells, and that is exactly what the casual spectator rarely obtains. In the crowd he can see only those about him, and four or five deep, and from a window he can have only panoramic views of a passing multitude. What one misses in the Melbourne crowd is the lining, silver or otherwise, of this black cloud of humanity—the volunteers edging the pavement. The policemen, too, seem hardly to be present in force. No wonder, then, that the

impatience and enthusiasm of the crowd got the better of it, and that the line of the returning heroes was broken. A triumphal progress it was, but a very slow and a particularly arduous one. This breaking of the ranks by the crowd formed a curious parallel to what happened to the returning C.I.V.



THE RETURN OF THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS: THE SCENE OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, MELBOURNE, ON DECEMBER 4.

Photo, J. R. Mann, Prahran.

*On the occasion of the 700 Australian soldiers' return from service in South Africa, as in the case of the C.I.V.'s return to London, the procession was broken by the crowd, which for one and a quarter miles was as dense as is shown in the picture.*

WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ, UPPER ENGADINE.

*Photographs by G. R. Ballance.*



SAFELY ROUND THE FIRST CORNER.



LADY TOBOGGANER, RACING IN AMERICAN STYLE, TAKING THE FIRST CORNER



FIFTY MILES AN HOUR: CLOSE TO THE LAST CORNER.



THE LAST CORNER ON THE VILLAGE TOBOGGAN RUN.



THE SKATING LAKE AND TOBOGGAN RUN.



CURLING ON THE RINKS OF THE HÔTEL KULM.



SLEIGHING IN THE ENGADINE.



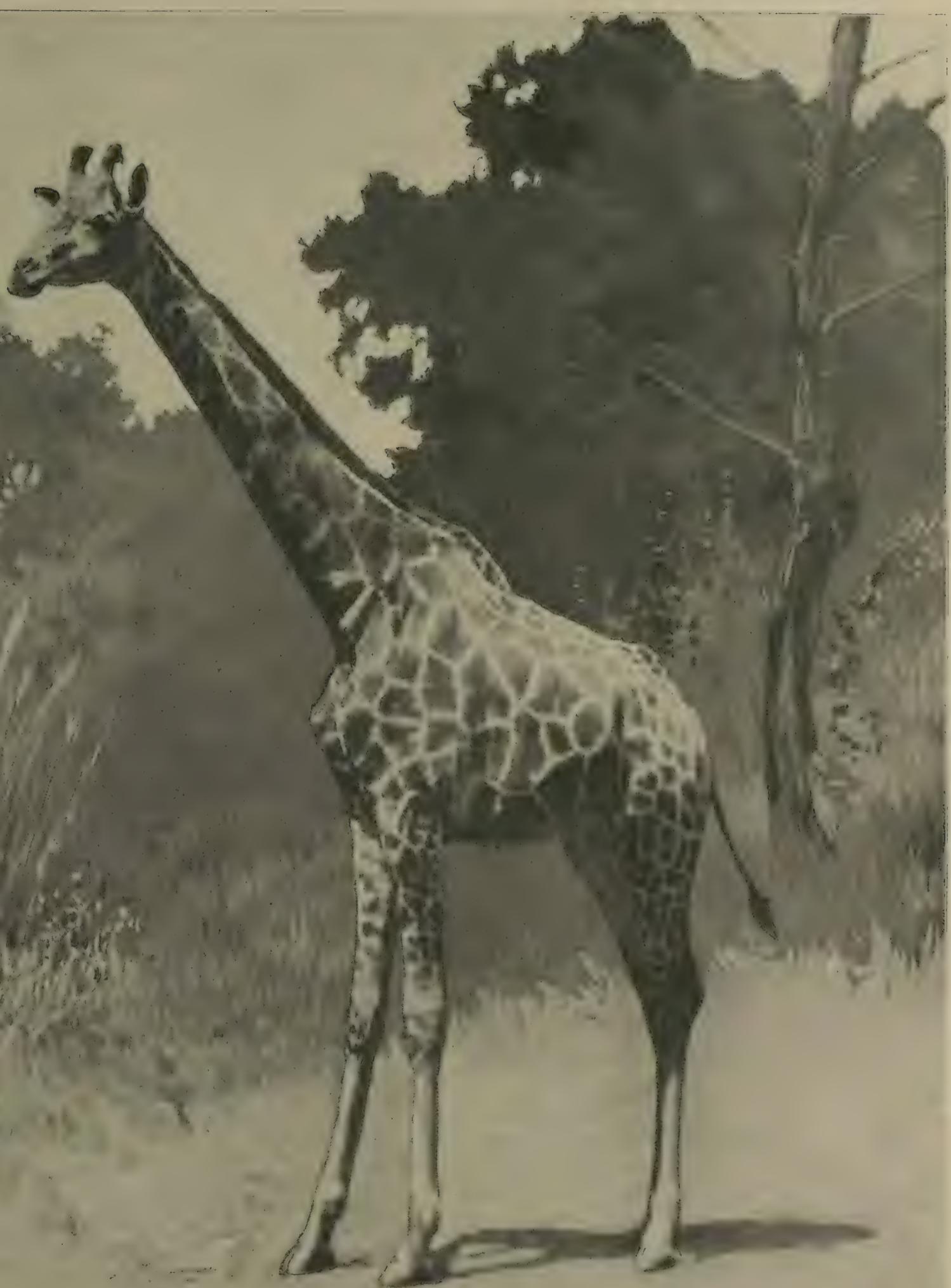
LADY TOBOGGANER STARTING IN SWISS STYLE FROM THE TOP OF THE RUN.



OUR COLONIAL BROTHERS-IN-ARMS: AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN ON THE MARCH.

Drawn by Allan Stewart from details supplied by Sergeant-Captain Watt, New Zealand Roughriders.





THE GIRAFFE.

*From a Photograph by Lascelles and Co., 14, Fitzroy Street, W.*

## THE LATE GENERAL LAMBERT.

The stirring events of Sept. 1, 1870, have been recalled within the last few days by the death, at the age of sixty-six, of General Lambert, Deputy for Finistère in the French Chamber, who bore one of the most heroic parts in the battle of Sedan. General Lambert's name will live in history in connection with his stubborn defence of Bazeilles, a small township on the left bank of the Meuse, two miles south-east of Sedan. For many hours Lambert, with about forty men, held Bazeilles against a greatly superior force of Germans. The place was almost wholly destroyed, but the defenders maintained their position in a single house until their last cartridge was expended. Then they reluctantly gave in. Several furious Germans rushed upon Lambert to bayonet him, but their officer interposed, and saved to France a man who has since done her good if less conspicuous service, and whom she now mourns among her bravest fallen.

## THE SNOWSTORM IN ROME.

Rome, so recently visited by flood, has once more been the sport of the elements. The Eternal City has, indeed, again been "under water," although the water in the present case took the form of snow. The storm began on Jan. 6, and the city and Campagna, for the first time during seven years, lay wrapped in a white mantle. By noon, most of the snow had melted in the city, but our correspondent was fortunate enough to secure photographs of the Forum and the Colosseum in their unwonted garb. Sunday night brought a further fall, and this time the snow lay longer. On Monday, Jan. 7, there was bright sunshine, to the great delight of the Romans, who enjoyed to the full a scene as beautiful as rare. As for the Roman street-boy,

first time when the seriousness of his illness was made known. During his four brief years in London he won all hearts by his genial, human sympathy. He was willing to be all things to all men, but he never forgot the Apostolic and purposeful motive—that he might by any means save some. A deep shadow fell upon London when it was known last Monday afternoon that Bishop Creighton had passed away.

One of the last official acts of Dr. Creighton's life was his arrangement for a quiet day in St. Paul's Cathedral for the clergy of the diocese. The special occasion to be marked by the observance is the beginning of the new century. The date fixed is Feb. 14; and the arrangements have been placed in the hands of the Dean of St. Paul's and the Archdeacon of London, acting on behalf of the Bishop. The Bishop of Truro is to deliver the addresses.

The new Archdeacon of Suffolk is the Rev. Charles D'Aguilar Lawrence, Rector of Lowestoft, who has been honorary Canon of Norwich since 1894. Canon Hay Aitken presented the new Archdeacon to the Dean at the formal installation ceremony. Mr. Lawrence is a skilful and experienced administrator, and is personally popular in East Anglia.

The bi-centenary celebrations of the S.P.G., which have been marked by so much enthusiasm in London and the provinces, will reach their climax at the Guildhall on Tuesday, Feb. 12, when the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of



THE LATE GENERAL LAMBERT, THE HERO OF BAZEILLES, 1870.

Canterbury, and others will address an afternoon meeting. I look forward to this as one of the most important religious gatherings of the spring.

Prebendary Tucker, who has held the post of secretary to the S.P.G. since 1879, is likely to retire at the close of the bi-centennial year.

The Lord Chief Justice and the Bishop and Dean of Rochester have undertaken to attend a meeting, to be held at Chatham in February, to promote a scheme for the restoration of the ancient St. Mary's Church.

The anniversary festival of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta was one of the most interesting Church events of last week. The Rev. M. B. Furse preached the festival sermon at St. Augustine's, Kilburn. The Vicar of St. Augustine's loyally obeyed the Archbishop's judgment with regard to ritual, and there is nothing now in its weekly ceremonial which could offend moderate Churchmen.

The Bishop of Stepney delivered one of his most powerful sermons at Torquay on behalf of the East London Church Fund. He complained of the apathy which creeps over religious people, and which tends to grow worse as years advance. Thousands were now being lost in East London because of the apathy and hopelessness of professing Christians.

Wansford Church, Northamptonshire, is to be restored by the Duke of Bedford. A nave and south aisle will be added to the present building.

V.



THE SNOWSTORM IN ROME: THE COLOSSEUM UNDER SNOW ON JANUARY 6.

his joy was unbounded, and he took to snow-balling naturally. The same day the cold greatly moderated; fortunately indeed, for the Roman poor are peculiarly ill-equipped to endure the touch of a Northern winter. Particularly fine was the appearance of the Campagna, where the wide expanse of snow was broken at intervals by the ruined aqueducts, each with its dazzling white cap. It was difficult to believe that this was the Italy of sultry summer and cloudless sky, with its abundant fruits. It was also difficult to realise that this intense atmosphere so often bears the unwelcome taint of malaria. Naples, too, had a visit from the snow, and may have been glad to remember the proximity of Vesuvius. In Northern Italy canals have been frozen, and railway traffic has been impeded by the heavy snowfall. The frost has laid its hand on the Venetian Lagoon, and all business that is done on waterways has been interrupted. At Milan the thermometer has registered 8 deg. below zero.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

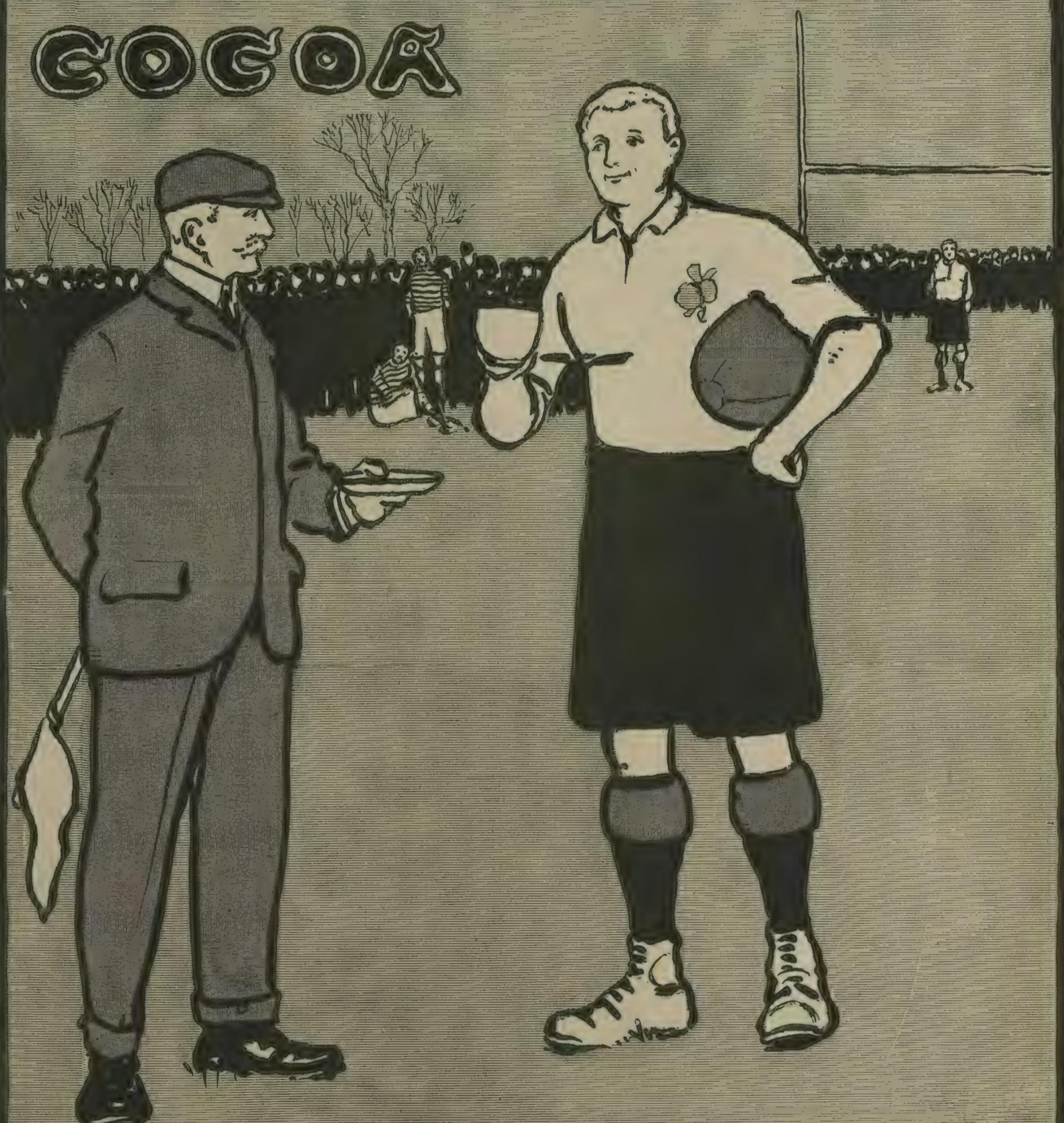
During the anxious days of waiting at the close of last week, Londoners recalled with sorrow the course of Bishop Creighton's illness. For many weeks it was believed that he was suffering merely from the nervous overstrain which sooner or later, and in protean forms, overtakes nearly all brain-workers. The news of the first operation came as a great surprise, but it was not till the bulletin of Boxing Day announced that a second had been necessary that the public at all realised the gravity of his condition.

The affection felt for the Bishop amongst all sorts and conditions of men in his diocese found expression for the



THE SNOWSTORM IN ROME: THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS IN THE FORUM AS THEY APPEARED ON JANUARY 6.

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## LADIES' PAGES.

There is a large and well-known organisation of cyclists, by name the "Cyclists' Touring Club," to which women are eligible for membership on equal terms with men, but on the club's committee there has been no lady up to the present time. Viscountess Harberton stood for election at the recent annual meeting, but was not successful. Her Ladyship is the chief advocate in this country of the French cycling costume for ladies, and there seems to have been a notion that she intended to push it in some way as a consequence of her election. Englishmen seem firmly resolved that their female relations shall cycle in the skirt, notwithstanding the increased dangers and fatigues of such drapery; and this notion was fatal to Lady Harberton's candidature, though she repudiated any such designs.

The lady who is storming the legal profession in Edinburgh has drawn forth a formal reply from the Incorporated Society of Law Agents, whom she has sued to compel them to admit her to examination. The reply that they have delivered into court states that the committee do not feel called upon, either by their duty or their interest, to maintain that women ought not to be admitted to the practice of the law; they can but state that no woman has hitherto been admitted, and that there are certain public offices open to admitted "law agents" (Scottish for solicitors) for which women probably would not be suited. The committee really, however, remit the question to the court of whether the admission shall be granted, or whether the privilege shall be confined to men, without exciting themselves over the matter.

The comparatively small number of women who go in for such matters, even after the course is fully cleared for them, is shown by the recent annual report of Edinburgh University. There matriculated last year 2754 students, of whom only 253 were women, counting in every department. Of these, 215 were simply gaining general culture in the "Arts" courses. Thirteen only were studying medicine, in addition to ninety-two others attending certain extra-collegiate lectures that are equally allowed to qualify for sitting for the degrees in medicine of the University. All this is a small matter, and it seems very absurd to look back to the history of the stormy debates, the actual physical violence, and the costly appeals to the law courts that marked the first attempts of women to study medicine in connection with Edinburgh University. So it will doubtless be with the law. The chief utility of women lawyers will probably be outside the United Kingdom altogether—as of the lady doctors. They probably will find a sphere of usefulness for themselves in aiding their Indian sisters, who may not see and freely consult with male advisers. The chief objection to women entering the profession of the law is that it is so demoralising a one that it is a sad pity to see the finer female conscience exposed to its searing effects. Ahem! Now shall I be, as Charlotte Brontë



SABLE BOLERO WITH JEWELLED CLASP.

feared to be as a consequence of stating a candid opinion about the heroines of popular novels—"dead under a cairn of avenging stones in half an hour"! Well, no doubt there must be lawyers!

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee," must describe the charity of many (especially young) ladies; and I am always glad to tell those with loving hearts and small stock of pence of means by which they can help others. The latest instance brought under my notice is the musical section of the Kyrle Society. Voices are wanted for the free concerts that the society organises in dull and poor regions. Miss Leycester, at the Kyrle Society's offices, 49, Manchester Street, W., will give further particulars. Another suggestion to which I want to give further publicity is that the writers of Braille for the blind may mark some packs of cards by means of which the blind can play at whist or other games. The shape of the sign of the suit is written on the card in the upper corner, and either at the same place or in the centre is the value of the card indicated by a letter or number. Blind people cultivate the memory remarkably sometimes, and many can manage to remember quite well enough for elaborate games. Naturally, a seeing player has to name each card for the blind person as the rest of the players lay it down on the table.

Our Artist has depicted for us two very charming specimens of the little sable bolero. The single revers covered with lace has a good effect in that one where the beastie's head forms a clasp near the waist. The toque is also of sable, tied round with satin ribbon and finished with a cluster of violets and a buckle, which for so good a costume should be no common paste, but one of the handsome designs which may be selected without difficulty at a good jeweller's. Louis Seize and other buckles will answer admirably in this case. The muff is tied with satin ribbon and trimmed with violets. The other coat is finished by a jewelled clasp to the sable bolero, for which also the aid of a cunning craftsman should be called into requisition, as tawdry accessories will spoil the effect of the handsome furs. The toque in this case has a crown of velvet and is trimmed with lace.

Diamond buckles, such as are here referred to, are now being worn in the hair in evenings, I may mention—with rather abundant twists of tulle, almost turban-like; the buckle placed at the left side of the small coil of hair, above the Pompadour front. Hairdressers are making efforts, with all the influence at their command, to induce us to abandon that little uprising coil on the crown of the head, and to substitute the loop or twist of hair in the nape of the neck, without giving up the roll-back front. I turn to the fine work that is my chief authority for past fashions in dress, "Les Reines du Monde," and I see that the hair turned back over a cushion has generally been accompanied by a low dressing of the back of the head. Even Marie Antoinette's



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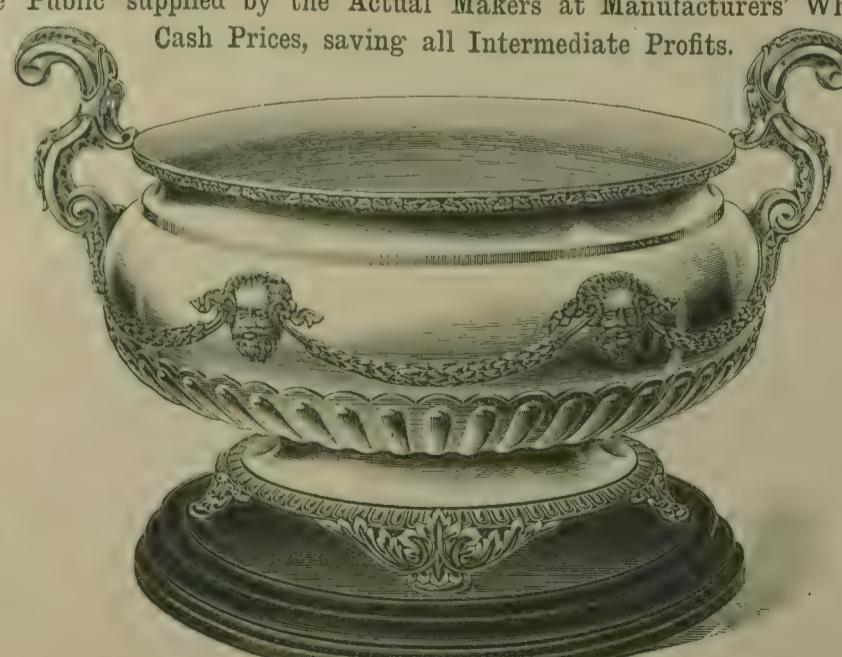


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"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

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"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

## The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

## The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

## The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

## The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarlets consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

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"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

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## The Sketch.

"Take for example the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of the greatest jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design."

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"As to the designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, they are more beautiful than those into which real gems are wrought, and indeed it would be a clever expert who could tell them from real stones when they are set in exactly the same way, only with far more variation and more art as to form."

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"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, who could say?

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## The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

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"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

## The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

## The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

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"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

## The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

## Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

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(BURLINGTON GARDENS END).

haughty head is finished, beneath the enormous mass of feathers and lace and tulle that surmounts the big pad on the top of her head, by a curl or two drooping on the neck. Madame de Pompadour, of whom I have two portraits before me, has in each of them her hair neatly coiled round the back of her head, with a stray tress or two falling from it on the nape. She wore her hair often powdered; to which probably we need not expect to come. But a noted French beauty of mature years, still beautiful, with snowy locks, has set the fashion of wearing her white hair *au catogan*, behind a Pompadour roll front, and the effect of the white plait, turned under quite short and tied up with a black velvet bow, is described as being charming. The coil on the top of the head, behind the Pompadour front, is still generally worn in London for the evening full-dress coiffure, supporting the flowers or aigrettes, the twists of tulle, and the diamond combs or buckles. It is generally becoming to do the hair high, and certainly easier for a maid or for oneself than is arranging it low on the neck.

Though we are having so mild a winter, sable, it may be mentioned, gets dearer and yet more dear. The short round fur ties are now less good style than little pelerines, flat against the shoulders, and provided with a small upstanding collar. Such a trifling addition to the costume in good sable costs at present forty to fifty guineas. On the other hand, one is compelled to wonder what beast supplies the large quantity of so-called Persian lamb that is made into smart-looking little Eton coats for about four guineas each. Chinchilla, too, though it has been so fashionable, does not rise to a prohibitory price; it is said to be now declining a little in popularity. Though very pretty and delightfully becoming when fresh, it is not an economical fur in wear, for it gets dirty or mangy-looking after it has undergone very trivial exertions or small misfortunes—a dense fog, a thorough wetting, and its best beauty is over for ever. Sable is perfectly indifferent to such trifles, and lasts practically for a lifetime, for it is always worth redressing. So really, if one has the fifty guineas to spare for a fur collar, it is more economical to purchase the sable. It must have been such contrasts that made the Wise King declare that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty!"

For many costly garments fur is used as a large proportion of the design. It is dressed now in a manner to make it so supple that it can be moulded and even draped like a woollen fabric. It is possible to make complete dresses of the softer sorts of fur, ermine, chinchilla, or breischtwantz, folded and shaped, without the effect being heavy or clumsy. Such gowns are seen (rather as curiosities, *bien entendu*, for they are too costly to be in common use) both as day and evening gowns. Messrs. Peter Robinson are showing an evening dress from Paris which has a deep flouncing, not full, but so cut as to flow out well, in ermine: this is united with white silk and rich embroideries. A turquoise satin has the train and the décolletage edged with narrow sable, and three bands laid along above lace



SABLE BOLERO WITH LACE REVERS.

insertions on the skirt near the knees. Another illustration is a gown of bottle-green cloth for carriage wear, with a straight band of ermine round the feet, and a great part of the bodice cut to fit the figure very closely in the same dainty fur, fastening under the arm; the effect is made more becoming to the face, to which ermine is only in exceptional instances advantageous, by the bolero being of the bottle-green, edged with gold embroidery in a narrow line laid on turquoise-blue satin, which is widened out into a small yoke and continued to form the collar.

A mixture of furs is often made with happy effect; chiefly on outdoor coats, however. Chinchilla or sable go with sealskin, black fox with ermine, bear with sable, and white fox with mink or with black fox. Sable and ermine were favourably combined as trimmings on a coat and skirt, the material of which was a brown tweed; the sable edging took off the crudeness of the ermine, which, however, formed the greater part of the revers. Three little capes, one under the edge of another, coachman fashion, each edged with sable, trimmed the bodice of a Lincoln-green satin-cloth gown; the bodice was tight-fitting below, redeemed from plainness by being fastened with tags of velvet of a darker green shade, each set with three little gold buttons in a line, and by a high folded waistbelt of the green velvet, edged top and bottom with a line of sable, and finished by drooping ends on the left hip, tagged with wide gold *ferrés*. Fur appears on some gowns in the form of rosette-shaped applications; on a few very smart ones it is cut out in fanciful shapes, and appliquéd with embroideries round in gold thread.

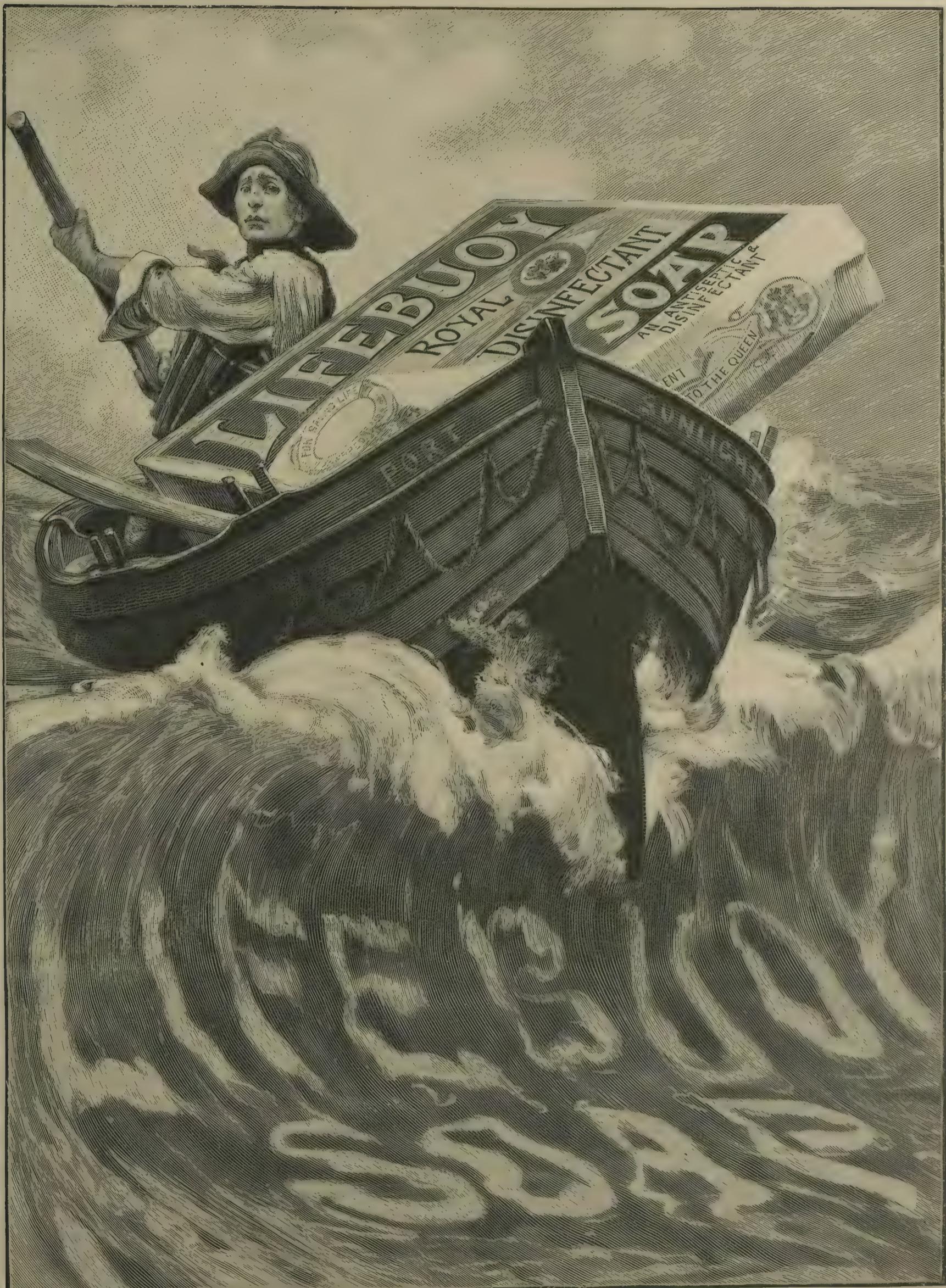
A good many of the new mid-season models from Paris are decorated by way of collar with the little triple coachman's cape above described; it is substituted for the long-worn revers at the shoulders of tailor-gowns, and, being similar to one of the coats worn by Sarah Bernhardt as "L'Aiglon," it is called after the play. A point to note in the Paris models is that for walking they are cut to clear the ground. The more dressy gowns are made always with a short train, but the really useful styles are not so. This example is copied by Englishwomen of good taste for wear in the country. The walking-dresses for our Princesses are all made to clear the ground sufficiently not to need holding up. It is unfortunate that the modes are followed with an eager ambition by so many women who have not the means to supply themselves with variety to suit all circumstances. A train is good in its place; it adds much to grace and stateliness indoors, and may be worn without disadvantage for a carriage-drive; but as soon as trains are placed on gowns for such uses, though the rich women can and do still have other dresses made walking length, girls with but a small dress-allowance are compelled to choose, and rush to get, the unsuitable style for their most usual needs, just because it is new. A trained gown in a heavy cloth, worn in a country road, however, must be taken to proclaim that the wearer cannot afford a sufficient stock of dresses, for ladies who can have gowns for all purposes are not wearing trains for walking.

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## MUSIC.

At the second of the Saturday Popular Concerts on Jan. 12, and on the second appearance of M. Ysaye's string quartet, there was given a new string quartet of M. Saint-Saëns. It was heard for the first time in England, and is dedicated to M. Ysaye. The quartet is in E minor, and, being written for M. Ysaye, it not unnaturally gives most of the honours to the leading violin; and this resulted in a very creditable performance, for it minimised M. Ysaye's tendency to predominate, or rather, it justified it. Saint-Saëns is an original writer, full of technical elaborations, and with a keen sense of classical form, and yet in no way working out chamber-music along its accustomed groove. The very opening of the first movement, the allegro, gave a quaint, unreal sensation, accustomed as one is to the stereotyped classical balance of melody. The air, a free, wild one, is given to the leading violin to an accompaniment of the other violin, viola, and violoncello played with muted strings. The entire movement is fertile with melody, and ingenious in its development. The adagio, in M. Ysaye's hands, was very expressive, and the finale was interesting. Still, as a whole, apart from its novelty, the quartet does not possess extraordinary merit. The other quartet was one in G minor by Fauré; M. Schönberger played the pianoforte part brilliantly, and the quartet ensemble was smooth and finished. M. Ysaye played, as a solo, part of the "Fantasia Appassionata" in G major by Vieuxtemps, to which was given an encore of Beethoven's Romance in G; M. Schönberger, as a pianoforte solo, played the "Grand Fantasia" in C major of Schubert with technical perfection and a scholarly, if somewhat unsympathetic, interpretation. Madame Lillian Blauvelt enchanted the audience with her refined and pure intonations in "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," the well-known song of Schubert,

with a clarinet obbligato. She also sang a song of Delibes, and a "Bolero" of Verdi.

The first London Ballad Concert of this New Year was also on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, and the Queen's Hall was very full. Among the favourite items on the programme, which contained nothing very new, were "Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ton voix," from the semi-religious opera, "Samson et Dalila," of Saint-Saëns, sung by Miss Clara Butt; Mr. Plunket Greene's rendering of Mr. Elgar's song "After," and Stanford's "The Old Navy"; and the Prologue from "Pagliacci," sung by Mr. Ivor Foster dramatically and with vitality. Miss Gertrude Peppercorn played excellently on the piano, and Mr. Squire on the violoncello.

Song-cycles are very popular at the moment, and Madame Liza Lehmann has lately composed a very delightful children's one called "The Daisy Chain." Most of the verses are taken from Robert L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verso," and the composition is simple and tender, as all children's music should be—not intricate in its setting, but graceful. They were sung for the first time before a large audience—though they have been sung before in public—last Sunday at the Sunday League's concert in the Queen's Hall. Madame Liza Lehmann accompanied the cycle, and Madame Marian Mackenzie, Madame Alice Esty, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and Mr. Denham Price sang the cycle very effectively. The rest of the programme was chiefly noticeable for Miss Ellen Bowick's clever recitations and Mr. Albert Fransella's flute-solos.

An elaborate programme, well carried out, at the St. James's Hall, brought together, unfortunately, a very scanty audience on Thursday, Jan. 10, though the cause was an excellent one—the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. The stirring "Soldiers of the Queen" opened the concert, played by that excellent boys' band the Royal

Military School of the Duke of York. There was a big disappointment in the illness of Mr. Martin Harvey, which prevented his appearance; there was a long interval for tea, and there was excellent work done by the Silverdale Quartette.

The sixteenth conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians began on Jan. 1, at Llandudno, with an interesting paper by Dr. E. Trout, Professor of Music at Dublin University, on the proper balance of chorus and orchestra. He contended that the tendency of the chorus to overrule the orchestra is entirely of modern growth, for Verdi and Berlioz prescribed an almost equal number of chorus and orchestra. Dr. Trout thinks this is partly due to the ignorance of the audience, who are too easily contented, partly to the growth of choral music, and partly to the modern craze of sensationalism. The result, he thinks, is entirely mischievous, and unless artists and musicians combine, the result will be the spoiling of some of our greatest treasures of composition. Dr. Sawyer contributed some saddening statistics of payment earned by women teachers of music.

M. I. II.

The Corporation of the City of London have entrusted the manufacture of the gold casket to contain the address to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W., whose design was selected in open competition.

The National Cat Club entertained the cat's-meat men of London at dinner on Jan. 10, in recognition of their "invariable kindness to starving cats in our streets." Mr. Louis Wain, the well-known artist, was in the chair, and the evening proved a most successful one. The Duchess of Bedford gave the guests 250 half-pound tins of tobacco.

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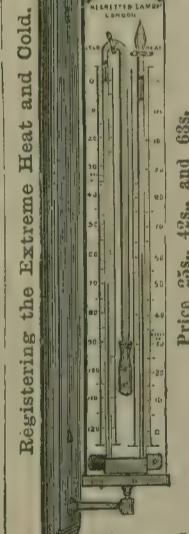
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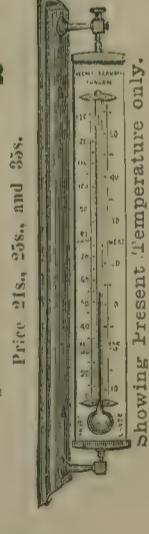
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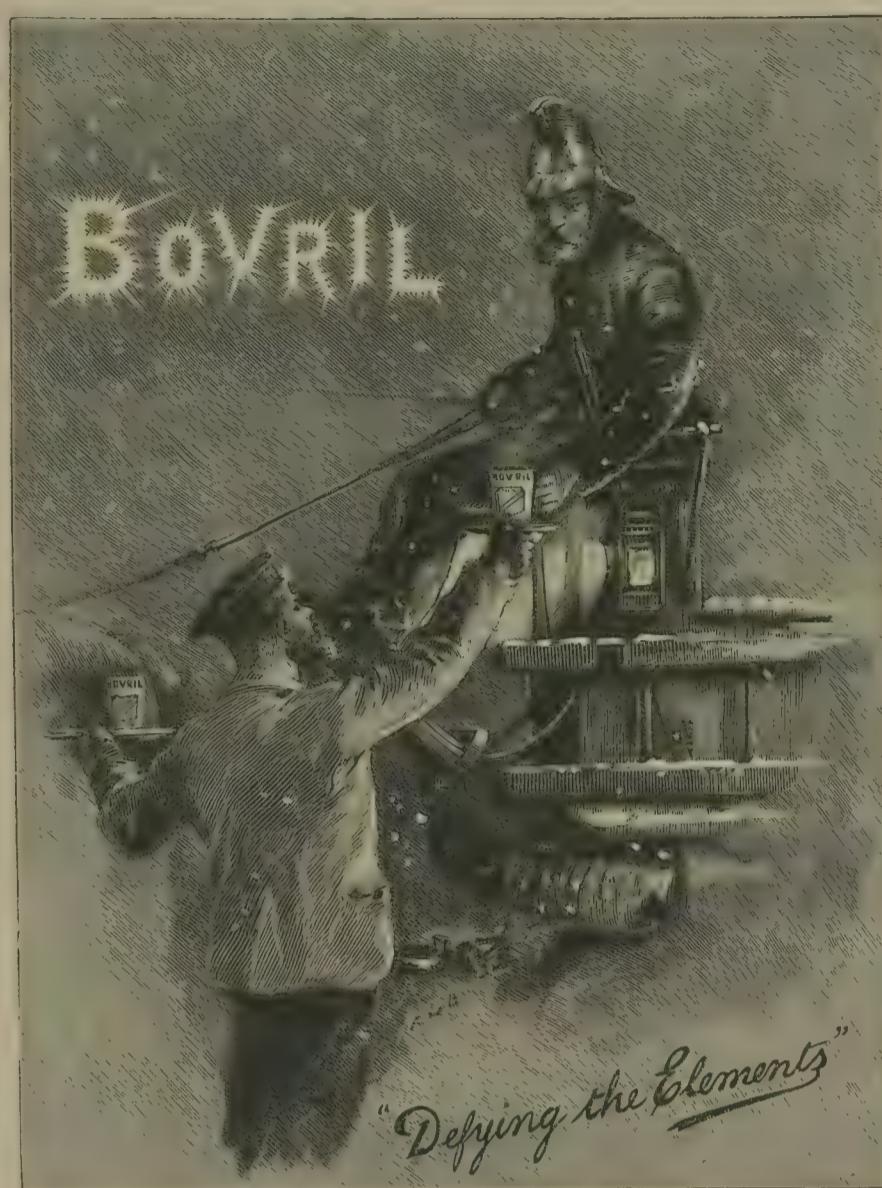
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is a warming, exhilarating, and nourishing beverage that makes a man enjoy, without risk, the bracing cold of an English winter. Its vast superiority over ordinary meat extracts and beef teas is abundantly evidenced by its much greater popularity. Colds, chills, influenza, and epidemic diseases attack the weak—Bovril makes people strong. It contains the nutritive as well as the stimulating properties of the choice prairie-fed beef from which it is prepared.



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THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS.  
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New H.A.L. Ornaments, Choice White  
Diamonds and Pearls.  
£25.  
Turquoise and Diamond bracelets  
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1891), with four codicils (dated Feb. 20 and March 11, 1893, Nov. 9, 1896, and July 19, 1898), of Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., M.D., sometime Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, of Broad Street, Oxford, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Dec. 21 at the Oxford District Registry by Sir William Alison Dyke Acland, Henry Dyke Acland, and Reginald Brodie Dyke Acland, the sons, and Isambard Brunel, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,606. The testator appoints the funds of his marriage settlement between his daughter, Sarah Angelina, and his sons Henry, Reginald Brodie, and Francis Edward, and under the provisions of the will of his father, he further appoints that the rents and profits of the Ellacombe estate, on the death of his daughter, Sarah Angelina, shall be paid to his son William Alison. He gives to his daughter £400, two houses in Broad Street, Oxford, and the income for life of £16,000; to his son William Alison the remainder of his freehold property in Oxford, £500, and the portrait of John Ruskin by Millais, the portrait of George Richmond, painted by himself, and the portraits of Professor Donkin, Mr. Gladstone, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, and Sir Bartle Frere, and other pictures and his orders and letters patent; to his sons Henry, Reginald Brodie, and Francis Edward, £5000 each; to his son Theodore £2000; to his son Alfred £500; and other legacies. He further bequeaths to the Chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford the portraits of Sydenham, Linacre, and Harvey, in one frame, to be kept in the room at the Museum of the Regius Professor of Medicine, also the astronomical clock by which Robert Dawes made all the early observations, with his equatorial, to be kept in the University Observatory, and also John Hunter's chair,

with the description of its duplicate by Mr. Goodsir, of Edinburgh, to be kept in the Radcliffe Library of the Museum. The residue of his property he leaves between his sons Henry, Reginald Brodie, and Francis Edward. Sir Henry Acland's will ends thus: "I now, with a deep sense of the mercy and goodness of God to me and mine through parents, children, friends, and by the saintly love of my dear wife gone before, I commit my soul to my Heavenly Father in the faith and love of Christ, and hope for forgiveness of my shortcomings in my holy profession, and I pray that the faithful study of all nature may in Oxford and elsewhere lead men to the knowledge and love of God, to faith and to charity, and to the further prevention and relief of the bodily and mental sufferings of all races of mankind."

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1896), with two codicils (dated Sept. 24, 1898, and Oct. 26, 1900), of Mr. Alfred Leney, of Buckland House, Dover, and of Messrs. A. Leney and Co., Limited, the Phoenix Brewery, Wateringbury, Kent, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Jan. 4 by Alfred Charles Leney, the son, Richard Henry Fremlin, and Henry Hayward, the executors, the value of the estate being £188,138. The testator gives £2000, his furniture and household effects, the use and enjoyment of his property at Kearsney, and an annuity of £2000 to his wife. On her decease he gives 520 debentures of £50 each in Leney and Co. to his children, Walter, Harry, Florence Maud, and Mrs. Kate Naomi Thompson; and 1200 £10 shares of that Company to his sons Alfred Charles, Hugh, and Frank. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1900) of Mr. Francis Stafford Pipe Wolferstan, J.P., of Stafford Hall, Stafford, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Jan. 2 by Littleton Edward Pipe Wolferstan, the son, and Miss Ethel Henrietta Pipe

Wolferstan, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £68,241. The testator devises all his unsettled real property, upon the like trusts as those of the family settled estates, and gives his furniture, plate, and household effects, live and dead stock, to his son Egerton Stanley Pipe Wolferstan. The residue of his property he leaves to his younger children, Littleton Edward, Ethel Henrietta, Alfred Percy, Henry Middlemore, Evelyn Grace, Marian Isabel, and Eleanor Mary, they bringing into account the sum of £14,000 already given to them. Mr. Wolferstan states that his wife is already provided for, and that the family estates are settled on his first and other sons in tail male.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 28, 1885), of Major Mundy Pole, of 2, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Jan. 4 by the Rev. William John Rudge and Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Reginald Rudge, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £65,440. The testator gives £5000 each to his nephews the Rev. W. J. Rudge and Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Rudge, and his nieces Augusta Felizarda Pole and Phillipa Matilda Hicks; £1000 to and £5000, upon trust, for his niece Margaret Louisa Pole during her life or widowhood, and then for her daughter, Margaret Florence Pole; £1000 each to his sisters Millicent Clitherow and Felizarda Rudge; £1000 to the children of his deceased brother Charles Richard van Notten Pole; £1000 to his brother Lambert van Notten Pole and £1000 between his children; £1000 to his nephew Henry Francis Manley and £1000 to his children; £1000 to his nephew Robert George Manley; £1000 to his nephew Augustus East Manley and £1000 to his children; £1000 to his sister-in-law Phillipa Maria Pole; £300 to Mrs. Egerton; £100 each to St. Mary's Hospital and the Western General Dispensary (Marylebone Road); and

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A Birmingham Doctor writes—  
"The delights of my morning bath have been increased a hundredfold by its use."



Is recommended by the Medical Profession.  
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Is the only Towel which preserves its Frictional Properties after long use.  
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Circumstances alter cases  
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The Highest Award for Toilet Soap at the Paris Exhibition in 1889 was a GOLD MEDAL, and the only Gold Medal awarded *solely* for Toilet Soap was gained by

# Pears

At the Exhibition at Paris, 1900,

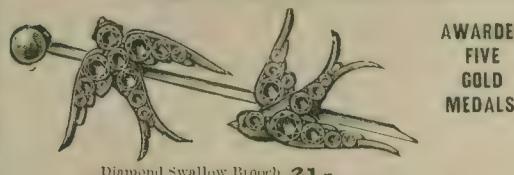
The Highest Award obtainable for anything

was the GRAND PRIX, and that also was awarded to Messrs. Pears, and was the *only one* allotted in Great Britain for Toilet Soap.

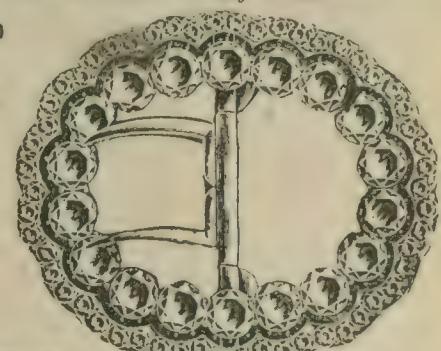
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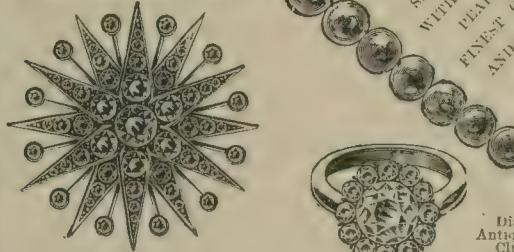
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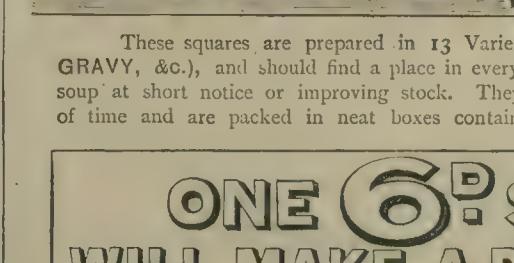
Diamond Star, 42/- Others from 15/-



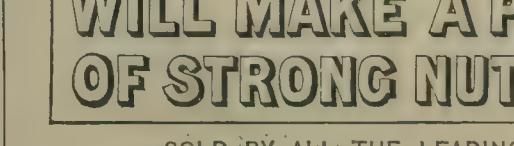
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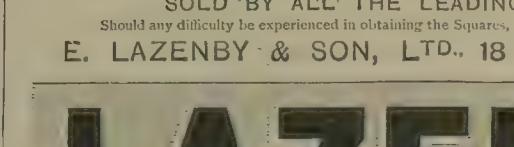
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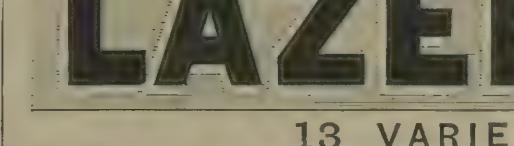
Earrings for Non-pierced Ears, Pearl or Diamond, 12 6/- pair.  
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Ring, Goldounted, 40/- 60/- 100/- per Row.

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legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his two nephews, his executors.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1889), with two codicils (dated April 6, 1898, and July 7, 1900), of Sir Richard Dickeson, of the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, and of Dover, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Jan. 4 by Dame Eliza Dickeson, the widow, Henry Hayward, and Travers Bidder Harby, the executors, the value of the estate being £36,561. He gives £500 to and £12,000, upon trust, for his daughter Ellinor for life, and then for her four children, Felix Dickeson Bolton, Beatrice Catherine Bolton, Violet Louisa Bolton, and Ellinor Edith Eliza Bolton; £500 each to his nieces Agnes Jane, Edith Mary, and Ann Grace Dickeson; £1500, upon trust, for Mary Louise Rigden, and £100 each to Henry Hayward and T. B. Harby. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1893), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1898), of Major-General Thomas Henry Clifton, of Kingston Vale, Putney, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Dec. 28 by William Henry Goodbun and Henry Goodbun, the executors, the value of the estate being £29,342. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his great-niece Madeline Edith Clifton; £500 to his niece the Hon. Lelarde Harry Florence Clifton; £500 each to Frances Victoria Clifton and Mrs. Constance Gertrude Cecily Bruce; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to William Henry Goodbun, Henry Goodbun, and John Percy Goodbun.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 3 following), of the Rev. Alfred Peache, D.D., of Danmore, Wimbledon, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on

Dec. 29 by James Courthope Peache, the son, and Mrs. Alice Augusta Woodd, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £28,990. The testator gives £10,000 to his son Gilbert Alan Peache; the income of £10,000 for life to his daughter Florence Peache; and £5000 each to the trustees of the settlements of his married daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except his daughter Florence. Dr. Peache founded and built the London College of Divinity, commonly called St. John's Hall, Highbury, for the training of candidates for ordination on Evangelical lines.

The will of Mr. William Loveband Chorley, of Quarne, Exton, Somerset, who died on Oct. 14, has been proved by Mrs. Harriet Chorley, the widow, and Reginald Arthur Taylor, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £8714.

## A FINE SNAPSHOT.



Photography has in recent years been improved to such an extent that we are now accustomed to regard photographic pictures which ten years or so ago would have been impossible to obtain, with indifference. It is a comparatively easy thing to take quick moving pictures in a very small size, such, for instance, as those which, shown in rapid succession by the cinematograph, are so vivid in reality as to give one the impression of actual life. These pictures are extremely small and their surface is about as large as that of a penny piece. If one wants, however, to take a quick-moving object, such as a jumping horse, on a larger scale, say on a quarter or half-plate, one will find that the difficulties are many, and that the skill of the camera-constructor is heavily taxed to provide an efficient instrument. The little picture we give herewith is a reduction from a half-plate photograph. Such a jump is, of course, a very rapid movement, and with only the best cameras is it possible to get so excellent a photograph. Only a shutter with an enormous high speed will render such quickly moving objects absolutely sharp, and many readers of *The Illustrated London News* will certainly be interested to learn that the only camera with which such wonderful results can be obtained is the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera. This camera is provided with all

the latest improvements in photography, and its shutter giving up to 1000 sec. exposures is an invention of the well-known pioneer in instantaneous photography, Ottmar Anschutz. The camera is fitted with one of the famous Goerz Double Anastigmats which have such a world-wide reputation, and are known as the best photographic lenses in the market. As the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera, in the quarter-plate or 5 by 4 sizes, is a very compact and light camera, which can be used with plates, films, or daylight loading films, just to one's liking, it is no doubt the best camera an amateur or touring photographer can wish to possess, especially as the use of it is not by any means confined to one class of work, but groups, landscapes, portraits, and architectural work can be successfully undertaken. The fine definition of the Goerz Double Anastigmats was most strikingly shown in an enlargement exhibited lately in the New Gallery in London, and which, although 7 ft. long, was made from a half-plate original and showed the most critical detail. The optical works of C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C., hold at the

disposal of our readers interested in photography, a splendidly illustrated booklet, which will be sent free of charge if the applications for the same are addressed to Department I.

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‘22 Calibre Remington Pat. 12/- An absolutely Perfect Rifle. The most Accurate Rifling. Plain Cases, Sporting Parts, Cases, Stocks. An unbroken line of 1000 "Kills" a Rabbit at 120 yards. "Dropped a Rat at 100 yards." Captain 12 pdr. 100 Winchester Rifle. 21 pdr. Martin Stevens, Colt, 303 Service Rifle. 33 10s. Rifles with Telescopic Sights are our specialty. WM. MOORE & GREY (Established 1820) 165, Piccadilly, London, W. Write us for Full List, Illustrated Target shot by it at 40 yards, with ‘22 Calibre Cartridges at 12/- per 100.

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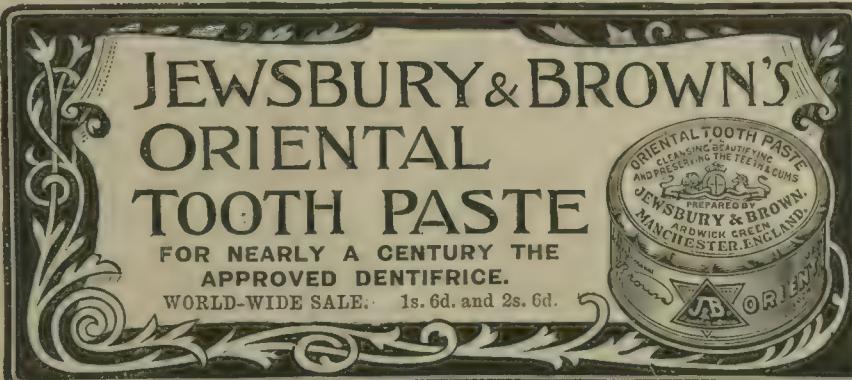
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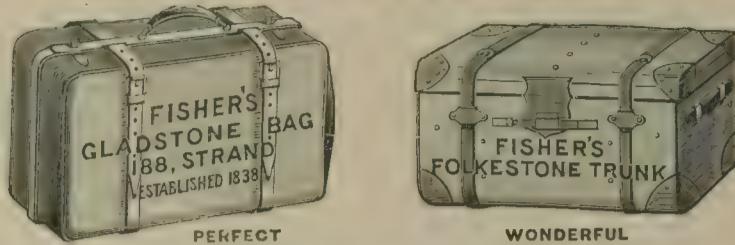
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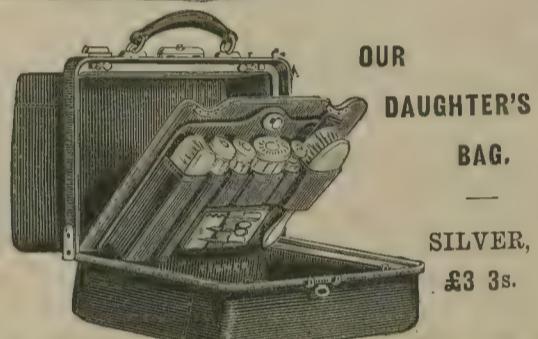
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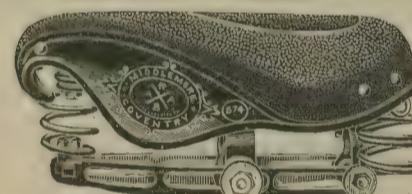
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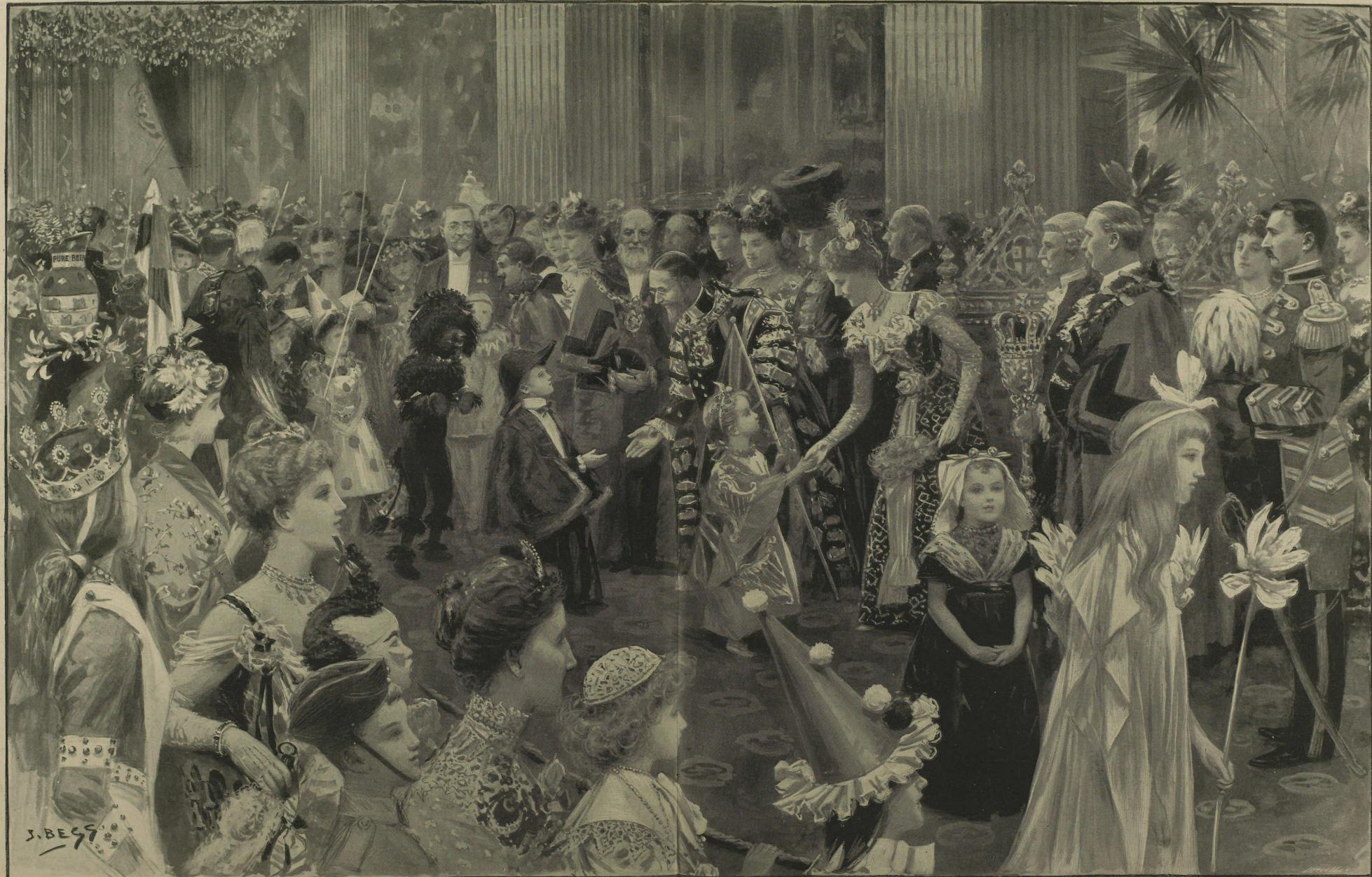
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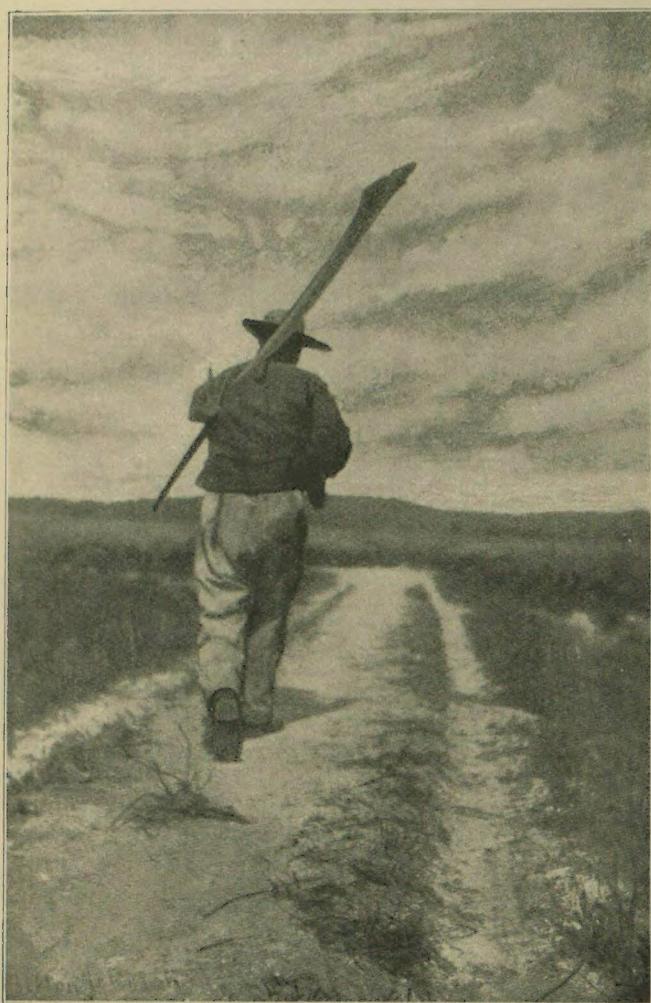
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## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Along French Byways.* Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. (London: Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)  
*A King's Pawn.* By Hamilton Drummond. (London: Blackwood. 6s.)  
*Ian Hamilton's March.* By Winston Spencer-Churchill. (London: Longmans. 6s.)  
*Among the Berbers of Algeria.* By Anthony Wilkin. (London: Fisher Unwin. 16s.)  
*Stage-Coach and Tavern Days.* By Alice Morse Earle. (London: Macmillan. 10s. ed.)  
*The Queen versus Billy.* By Lloyd Osbourne. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*Wonder Stories from Herodotus.* By G. H. Boden and W. Barrington d'Almeida. (Harpers.)

"*Along French Byways*," of which it would seem portions have appeared in various American magazines, is an extremely charming little volume, well described



ON A FRENCH MEADOW-WAY.

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in the introductory note as "a book of strolling, a book of nature, a book of humble peasant life, mingled with the chance experiences of the narrator." In the illustrations Mr. Johnson has caught, as very few English artists have managed to do, the picturesque and characteristic aroma of French rural life, really admirable being the many sketches of the old peasant women who form the backbone of what is the best in the nation, and equally commendable are those of the "vieux paysans," especially excellent being that entitled "*On a French Meadow-way*." La Belle France and all who love her should feel grateful to the author-artist of "*Along French Byways*," particularly to be noted being those pages which give a vivid picture of the Domrémy, the early home of Joan of Arc; while those who seek unfrodden ways will feel tempted to follow Mr. Johnson on his journey along the borders of Savoy, through the little-known country about Bellegarde, where the Rhône dashes along through narrow, cliff-lined gorges. The account of Lourdes, the town of modern miracles, is less interesting, though Mr. Johnson's drawing of the grotto itself gives a truer impression than any other drawing or photograph we have ever seen; while in another illustration, "*One of the Townswomen*," Mr. Johnson has caught a glimpse of the Lourdes which has little or nothing to do with the place so many clever people have attempted, and failed, to describe.

"*A King's Pawn*" is a very creditable story of adventure. Henry of Navarre is always a gallant figure on a page, and he fills most pages of Mr. Drummond's romance. The ostensible hero is a certain Blaise de Bernauld, mighty with the sword, but the personality of the King dominates the book. The others are puppets that dance to his piping. Henry insists on leading a madcap adventure into Spanish Navarre, with Bernauld and two others, to see whether there is any chance of getting back the lost districts of his kingdom that had been taken by the Don. If he can bring these with him, he thinks, when he lays claim to the throne of his childless cousin, Henry de Valois, he will be all the more welcome to the French—a rich suitor for their favour. What comes of the madcap adventure is Mr. Drummond's story, which it is for him and not for us to tell. He tells it gallantly enough, in racy English of a slightly archaic flavour here and there; and he heaps up the big adventures. But somehow the book just misses excellence. The work of the great romancers seems to flow from their minds; it is the spontaneity is catching. Mr. Drummond suggests, rather, the academic exercise, which even when a very fine performance is still—only a very fine performance. We feel that it has been "put together" carefully—that is the best and the worst to be said of it. Another thing that gives

us a feeling of unreality in the book is that the wild adventure ends in no tangible result, seems purposeless—as we knew from the first it would be. And so all the subsidiary adventures it occasions seem purposeless too: the parts, though excellent in themselves, partake of the unreality of the whole.

"*Ian Hamilton's March*" has been described by some critics as a mere piece of book-making. One can only wish that others would make books half so well. It is the fashion to sneer at Mr. Churchill in certain quarters. To our mind, he is one of the coming men of England. He has faith—faith in himself, faith in his country, faith in the Divine. "Above all, faith in himself," say his enemies. Well, there are worse qualities. But the most noticeable feature of Mr. Churchill's character, as expressed in his writing, is his sense of thankful dependence on his Maker. It came out very strongly in his last war-book; it appears again in this. Some might say, indeed, that Mr. Churchill thanks Heaven too publicly for its favours to himself. There is a danger in that attitude; but to suggest, as some have done, that it is all a pose, is to show the spirit of the poor creature who sneers at the quality he lacks. For the rest, Mr. Churchill's book has a fine literary quality, a style vivid and full, and a lucid method of arrangement. Yet the best thing in the book is not his. It is the diary, entitled "*Held by the Enemy*," written by Lieutenant Frankland, of the Dublin Fusiliers, when a prisoner at Pretoria. It is full of an inside value. The volume is worth buying for that alone.

While we welcome any work that tends to increase our limited knowledge of Northern Africa, it is impossible to speak or write in terms of unqualified praise about Mr. Wilkin's book. He made a journey through Algeria with the object of tracing the connection between the Berbers and the ancient races of Egypt, and he has endeavoured to present the story of his Odyssey in popular form. Even the illustrations, which are plentiful and excellent, do not atone for the irregular treatment of the narrative. If the book was to be popular, there is much that is superfluous; if it is to be taken seriously, the lack of restraint in expression of opinion is to be regretted. Years, not months, are required to enable a traveller among Arabs or Berbers to form trustworthy opinions. Men who have spent the best years of their life among the various prominent races of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia are reluctant to commit themselves to general statements of a kind that Mr. Wilkin makes without hesitation. Until the natives trust a stranger, and they are very slow to give their confidence, it is impossible to make more than a superficial study of their lives or characters. Travellers are apt to forget that they are regarded as dangerous

infidels by the people whose land they traverse and whose habits they criticise with such complete assurance, and that the morals of one part of the world will not serve in another. A writer of Mr. Wilkin's experience should not ignore these truisms. Forgetting or forgiving the dogmatic passages, and treating the book as a popular record of an interesting journey, there is much to be said in its praise; for the author has a gift of observation, and his route embraced many towns whose interest to the pleasure-seeker and the antiquary has yet to be realised by an unwise generation that flocks to the coast and leaves inland Algeria severely alone.

America is so youthful, ardent, and (if the word may be permitted) up-to-date that we are apt to forget that it has a history and a legacy of tradition. Mrs. Earle's volumes correct this oversight. The latest of them, "*Stage-Coach and Tavern Days*," carries us back entertainingly to the Puritan ordinary, a rather melancholy institution of the Colonies, from which, by various stages of "vain shows," has been evolved the great hotel of the present day. Many of the intervening taverns were originally the homes of historic families. The "*Indian Queen*," in Philadelphia, for example, had been the home of Sir Richard Penn, the headquarters of General Howe, and, again, the home of Robert Morris and Presidents Washington and Adams. Mrs. Earle has made deep researches into the history of old-time taverns, and she is no less recondite concerning their fare, and more especially their drinks. Of rumbullion, rumbooze, rumfustian, rumbarge, all the refinements of "kill-devil," and the varieties of "small drink," the curious reader will find all that there is to be known in this volume. The chapters on stage-coach days are even more interesting. It would appear that the knights of the road were not found in America, or,

at any rate, that they were not very knightly. We do not know that Dick Turpin and Claude Duval were any more so, but they had that reputation, and Mrs. Earle laments that in their elegant, gallant, and humorous manner they did not "hold up" Benjamin Franklin or John Adams. As a matter of fact, Tom Bell and George White, their American prototypes, were sufficiently resourceful rascals. We have no space to indicate even the main subjects treated in this volume, but we can commend it as one of the most amusing and delightful that has come into our hands for long.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is unequal, but always entertaining, in his volume, "*The Queen versus Billy*." The stories that compose it are disconnected, save that the scene of all of them is the South Seas. By far the best is that which gives the volume a title. How the Kanaka Billy confesses to the murder of the trader, and is condemned by Captain Casement, of her Majesty's cruiser *Stingaree*, to be shot; how, nevertheless, all on board are convinced that he is innocent, and from Captain Casement down do their best to induce and aid him to give them leg-bail, and how take advantage of his opportunities Billy will not, so that in the end shot he has to be, to save the face of British justice—this is told with spirit and humour. All the stories depend on some quaintness or ingenuity of *motif*, rather than upon any magic in the telling. As a matter of fact, there is no magic in the writing. The author works for the facts of his tale, not for atmosphere: he succeeds in his aim, but always at the sacrifice of mystery, and often with a very hard effect.

It was inevitable that in an age that has discovered the child, someone should be found who would interpret Herodotus to children. The genial, kindly old gentleman of Halicarnassus, with his shrewd observation, his unfailing story, and his many passages of wonder, mystery, and human interest, cannot fail, in the hands of a skilful translator, to fascinate little people. The idea has been happily put into practice by Messrs. G. H. Boden and W. Barrington d'Almeida. Their "*Wonder Stories from Herodotus*" are really paraphrases, suited to the youthful understanding, of some of the choicest tales of the Father of History. One of the happiest renderings is the legend of the youthful Cyrus playing the King among the village children. Some little liberties have, of course, been taken with the text, but with none of them are we inclined to quarrel. It is somewhat difficult, perhaps, to see why Cyrus, during his time of obscurity with the herdsmen Mitrades, should have been arbitrarily given the name of Gyrges, for which there is no authority in the original; and the herdsmen's wife, if we remember rightly,



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was called Spaco, not Spaca: but these are small points. The beauty of the illustrations, which are in colour, can scarcely be understood from a black-and-white reproduction. The artist, Mr. H. Granville Fell, has skilfully caught that balance of classical and Oriental feeling which is characteristic of his subject. The ancient classics, so well handled for children by Kingsley and Church in particular, afford a wonderful field for adaptation in this manner. True, it smacks of the gilded pill, but many a scholar owes his intellectual interest in his subject to "The Heroes," and suchlike pleasant works.

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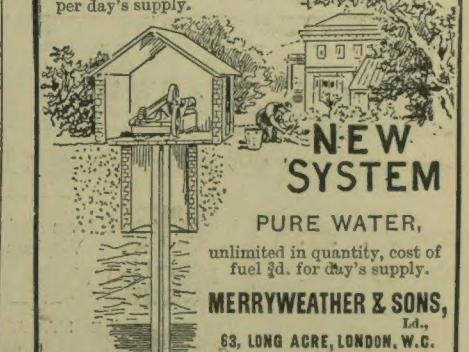
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